

Special Passaic Textile Strike Edition

THE DAILY WORKER

The DAILY WORKER Raises
the Standard for a Workers'
and Farmers' Government

Join the Growing Ranks of
Worker Correspondents of
The DAILY WORKER!

Vol. III. No. 58.

Subscription Rates: In Chicago, by mail, \$3.00 per year.
Outside Chicago, by mail, \$6.00 per year.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1926

Published Daily except Sunday by THE DAILY WORKER
PUBLISHING CO., 1113 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Price 3 Cents

"SPREAD THE PASSAIC STRIKE!"

LEAGUE ASKS U. S. TO JOIN IN CONFERENCE

Court Reservations Will Be Subject

(Special to The Daily Worker)
GENEVA, March 18.—The council of the league of nations decided today to invite the United States to be represented at a conference to be held here September 1, to consider the reservations made by the American senate regarding her adherence to the world court. The action was taken in a secret session following the adjournment sine die of the assembly of the league after the admission of its leaders that the deadlock over Germany's admission could not be ended.

Revisory Committee.
In order to prevent a recurrence of the present situation, a committee of fifteen was appointed to undertake the revision of the statutes and regulations of the body and to make specific recommendations upon applications for admission. The committee is to report at the September session of the league.
Its membership is composed of one delegate from each of the ten nations represented on the council, and one additional delegate from Germany, Argentina, China, Poland, and Switzerland.

Did Argentina
The inclusion of Argentina is significant, for the bloc of South American states in the league look to that country, which, curiously enough, is not in the organization, for leadership rather than to Brazil. The appointment is a direct bid for the Argentine Republic to re-enter the league.

A Reconciliation Committee.
The selection of a committee for these purposes will merely transfer to it the bitter struggles which have been going on and doubtless this was the reason for its appointment.
The leaders will have from now until September to frame up some kind of a compromise. It is significant in this connection that the committee includes representatives of each of the nations which applied for entry.

Call Preliminary Conference.
In addition, the council decided to call a preliminary conference upon the disarmament question on May 18.
A preliminary economic conference, in accordance with the idea originally suggested by Louis Loucheur, the John D. Rockefeller of France, was ordered convened on April 26.

French Press Blames Germany.
PARIS, March 18.—The cabinet met today and approved Premier Briand's report on the negotiations which failed to settle the league of nations controversy at Geneva. The premier insisted that the breakdown will not endanger the peace of Europe nor the future of the league.

The press in general condemns Germany for blocking the admission of Poland, and thereby preventing its own entry. The nationalists are bitter in their denunciation. The Temps, the government organ, declares that an adjournment was preferable to a complete break.

Chamberlain To Face Critics.
LONDON, March 18.—Sir Austen Chamberlain will face his opponents in the house of commons next Wednesday, when a full debate on the league of nations will be held. Sir Austen will explain the events which (Continued on page 4.)

WINDOW CLEANERS SENT \$800 TO PASSAIC FOR STRIKERS; MORE TO COME

By a Worker Correspondent
NEW YORK, March 18.—At a well attended meeting of the Window Cleaners' Protective Union, Local No. 8, a decision was reached by an overwhelming majority vote to tax each member \$1.00 for the relief fund of the Passaic textile strikers. The total sum raised to date is \$800. The local is determined to do all in its power to beat the textile barons.

SAVE YOUR GAS MASKS!



The striking textile workers in the East have provided themselves with gas masks after the thugs of the mill barons had attacked them with gas bombs. Gas masks are good to have. They may be needed, when the stinking animals, the ilk of the mill barons, are chased where they belong.

FEED THE STRIKERS!

The Bosses Must Not Starve the Strikers Into Submission!

How many strikers get relief from the relief committee? That is the question most asked wherever you go. The relief committee gave out nothing the first week. It figured that the workers would be able to live one week after working forty years for the bosses and piling up many millions for them. But the second week we found many stranded. The third week we began to give out tickets. In another week there were over a hundred who were in need. Every week added more to the list. The sixth week we had over 1,500 families on the list. Now at the beginning of the ninth week we have over 2,600.

It requires more than \$3,000 a day to barely feed these. Coal must be secured for most of them. Shoes and clothing must also be furnished.

We have three grocery stores and one clothing store. Many of the merchants are helping to supply these stores with goods.

How do we get the money?
Ask Alfred Wagenknecht. He is in charge and is on the job with lists and has committees in every meeting he finds. Tag days in Passaic and New York have helped much.

But the biggest help is coming from the unions. They have acted promptly and heroically. The Associated Silk Workers of Paterson sent in its first check of \$1,000 the second week. More such checks have come since from them. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union has come along with

\$2,000 worth of goods to be sent thru the relief stores. The International Ladies Garment Workers' locals of dressmakers and cloakmakers have pledged on hour's pay, which will mean over \$40,000. Many others have contributed. Many more must help.

The bosses have promised to starve the workers back. Shall they do it? The bread line is the weakest link if there is not enough bread there. If we have enough bread there is no danger. We must have enough bread. We have enough now, but not enough for tomorrow and the day after unless the workers come with their help.

Will they come? They will. You will get busy now and collect quickly what you can and send it in. Then collect more, and more. If all the workers add their mite we can hold out for another month, and appoint six months if necessary.

The answer to the brutal bosses is adequate relief. The bosses shall starve the workers back. There are 40,000,000 workers in America who will answer the bosses with funds for the strikers. It is a powerful answer. The bosses shall not starve the workers back!

THE THREATS OF THE BOSSES AND THE REPLIES OF THE STRIKERS

Militant Defiance, Is Answer of the Passaic Strikers to Police

By J. O. BENTALL.
PASSAIC, N. J., March 18.—The police of Clifton met six lone pickets early in the morning and told them they could cross the bridge. They clubbed them and sent them back bleeding. These six pickets came to the United Front Committee of Textile Workers at the headquarters and told the story.

"Then we must send our big picket line," said Organizer Albert Weisbord, "and go thru the police line. We must have our picket line of 3,000 in the morning and we must go to Clifton. We must pull down the Forestmann-Huffmann plant," he told the audience at the hall. "You must be there."

Pickets Force Way Thru.
The 3,000 were there and the police smashed as many heads as they could. Dozens were injured by the brutal (Continued on page 2)

Walkout Grows as Ninth Week of Struggle Opens

(Special to The Daily Worker)
PASSAIC, N. J., March 18.—"Spread the strike!" This is the slogan of the textile workers who are out in Passaic. "Spread the strike to every textile center!" And the workers who have gone thru weeks of sharp battles are determined to continue making their slogan the living reality which is necessary in order that they may beat back the wolves of the textile corporations who are trying to force them to the condition of peons.

The biggest picket line since the strike began is expected to mark the opening of the ninth week—the third month—of the bitterly-fought textile strike which already involves over 12,000 workers in the industry. The passage of more than two months of the strike finds the workers in a more militant spirit than ever before, showing every day new examples of working class solidarity and defiance to the police brutality and terrorism which has characterized the strike from the start.

The Strikers Are Undaunted.
The vicious violence of the police has left the strikers undaunted and more determined than ever. Clubbings of men and women pickets are a daily occurrence, and the victims of the capitalist courts, which are under the control of the mill bosses, are regularly handed down jail sentences. Enraged by the unflinching readiness of the pickets to continue their work, the police have attempted to squelch them by turning the fire hose upon the workers—men and women—drenching them with ice cold water in winter. When this failed, the police tried tear gas bombs, but with as little success, a wave of indignation and anger meeting this piece of barbarism.

The strike developed out of the last wage cut—one of a series—which was handed down by the bloated manufacturers last October. The meager wages of the workers were then reduced another ten per cent, leaving most of them with a wage that averaged from nine dollars a week, in some cases, to twenty-two dollars.

The degradation that the bosses were forcing the workers into brot them to the point of revolt and they rose in mass and solidified their forces under the direction of the United Front Committee of Textile Workers.

Strikers Determined to Win.
The strikers are determined to win their demands, and their brilliant fight has aroused the sympathy of workers throughout the country. Not only among textile workers of other centers, thousands of whom are on the verge of striking also, but among the workers in other industries the spirit of solidarity for the Passaic strikers is growing. A desire for moral support has already been expressed by scores of labor unions and other organizations. Financial support is also pouring into strike headquarters.

The utter misery of the conditions of the textile workers is in striking contrast to the huge profits which are being made annually out of their labor by the textile corporations. While the profits of the companies are constantly expanding, the workers are obliged to suffer not only under bad wage and hour conditions, but also thru the speed-up system, and the very bad unsanitary conditions in the industry, which takes an annual toll of scores of workers who die or are ill of tuberculosis, pneumonia and Bright's disease.

No Break in Strikers' Front.
Altho one mill after another is slowly coming out to join the ranks of the strikers there has not yet been a single break in the latter. The strikers are standing firmly for their demands, for it means a question of life and family for them.

Slate Falling After "Windy Shot" Snuffs Out Lives of Miners

(Special to The Daily Worker)
SPRINGFIELD, Ill., March 18.—George Manuel and Basil Condon, both of Springfield, were killed in a fall of slate following the explosion of a "windy shot" in the Peabody coal company mine number 52, at Riverton, east of here, early today. The bodies were recovered by members of the state mine rescue crew five hours after the accident.

The men, both shot miners, were alone in the "coal room" at the time of the explosion. Tons of slate buried them.

'PITIABLE!' SENATOR BORAH'S COMMENT ON CONDITIONS THAT COOLIDGE REFUSED TO DISCUSS

By H. M. WICKS.
(Special to The Daily Worker)
WASHINGTON, March 18.—Calvin Coolidge, the strike-breaker president, will never see the Passaic strikers to hear their story of horrible conditions in the industry and the low wages they receive which were characterized by Senator Borah as "pitiable." Anything from a pugilist or an evangelist to a movie queen, Charleston or cabaret dancer can get an audience with Calvin Coolidge, but when American citizens who are helping to produce the wealth of this society seek to place their grievances before that "down east" Yankee they were treated as impudent impostors by the chief lackey, Everett Saunders, former congressman of Indiana, who acts as secretary to Coolidge.

Turns Down Strikers.
On Monday Coolidge started the week by entertaining two champion girl Charleston dancers from the jazz palaces of the Kansas plains who were entertained at the White House in company with Senator Capper, but when Albert Weisbord and the Passaic strikers sought to place their grievances before him they were brutally told that neither now or ever would they get an audience with Coolidge.

It is quite natural that this political pigmy, who got his start as a national figure by breaking a policeman's strike in the seat of the cod-fish textile aristocracy while governor of Massachusetts, should refuse to see people protesting against the woolen trust that first catapulted him into public notoriety.

The delegation entered the doors of the White House and were ushered into the presence of the secretary, who is an evasive, shift individual. Under questioning by Weisbord and Mr. Katherine Wiley of the Consumers' League of New Jersey, he finally stated bluntly that there was no chance for an interview with the strikebreaker president.

Secretary of Labor James J. Davis, well-known for his anti-union record, offers the striking textile workers arbitration as a means of settling the strike. This offer of Davis is made to the strikers after the bosses' representative.

(Continued on page 2.)

PASSAIC WORKERS' INCOME TAX REPORTS REVEAL LOW WAGES

It is the law that corporations have to send in to the federal government the earnings of all its employees. It is thus easy to ascertain the wages paid by the bosses to the workers in the mills.

Here are a few samples. The cards read:

This is to certify that No. 5001 Chorb, Martha, has received the following payments while in our employ during 1925: Wages, \$410.85. Then come some envelopes with weekly rates of wages: 54 hours \$23.55; 48 hours, \$14.50; 48 hours, \$15.65; 49 hours, \$19; 22 hours, \$20.65; and thus the list runs.

The girl that got \$410.85 was paid at the rate of \$8.21 a week and she worked 48 hours a week. That is less than 19 cents an hour.

She was cut 10 per cent and that makes her earn another cent an hour less. She wants a 10 per cent increase which would mean a little over 20 cents an hour, and for the year it would mean only \$41.

But the bosses think this is too much and so they refuse to grant this little increase. Is it not about time that the workers got together for a real organization that will give them power to get what the bosses do not want to give without a fight?

MONTH FREE TO TEXTILE STRIKERS

Read The Daily Worker!



AS an expression of class solidarity, The DAILY WORKER Builders of New York have raised a fund with which to pay for The DAILY WORKER to be sent for one month to workers on strike. If you are a striker in the textile mills of Passaic or elsewhere, just write your name and address in the blank printed below and mail it to The DAILY WORKER New York Agency, and The DAILY WORKER, labor's ONLY daily paper printed in the English language, will be sent you for one month without charge.

DAILY WORKER NEW YORK AGENCY,
108 East 14th Street, New York City.

In accordance with your offer to striking workers, I would like to have you send me The DAILY WORKER for one month.

Name: _____
Street and Number: _____
City: _____ State: _____

Police Hurl Tear Gas Bombs at Strikers



Tear gas bombs, which were used in the imperialist world war, are now being hurled at striking textile workers in Passaic when they dare to picket struck textile mills demanding an increase in their miserable wages and better working conditions.

Bosses Threaten and Workers Reply

(Continued from Page 1)

cossacks, but the line forged its way ahead and tumbled the whole police force into a ditch near the Ackerman Ave. Bridge. Since then the picket line has gone thru every time it has set out to do so.

The strikers went to the mayor of Passaic on invitation by him. All he had to advise was that the strikers go back to work and let the bosses settle the strike after. Weisbord spoke for the strikers and told the mayor that this would not be done.

As the conference was at an end Commissioner of Safety Abram Preiskel rose in his might and declared that he would have 300 mounted police to ride over the strikers the following Monday. Again the challenge was accepted and Organizer Weisbord replied:

"Then we must have 6,000 pickets on the line to meet your cossacks." The cossacks came and rode down women and children. But the picket line was there, 6,000 strong. It did not budge.

The police said, "We will beat you up and crack your heads for you." The strikers answered, "We will get iron helmets that we used in the war for democracy, and you can break all the sticks in policeman on our heads, but we will be protected."

"We will have the fire department turn the hose on you and drown you," came the sneering threat of the bosses. "We will have our babies in the picket line and we dare you to turn the icy water on them," came the quick reply.

"We will not allow the picket line to pass," the bosses and cossacks again threatened. "We will ride over you if you come out again."

"We have more babies and we will push them in the carriages and our babies shall lead the picket line."

"But we will throw gas bombs and scatter you to the four corners of the earth," cried the bosses.

"We have gas masks from the war where we were supposed to fight the Kaiser, and we will use them to fight the Kaisers of Passaic," retorted the strikers.

"We will starve you into submis-

son," snarled the bosses.

"We shall have a relief for the strikers that will keep them from starvation," said the United Front Committee. "We shall ask the unions and all workers of America. We shall have food for you for a month, for 6 months, for a year." And the unions of America have come with their backing. Over 2,500 families are now cared for, and we are ready to care for more. Money and foodstuffs are coming for relief every day and the strikers shall not starve. "No family in need has been turned away from the relief committee without aid," said Alfred Wagnack who is in charge of the relief department.

"The workers are getting good wages," challenged the bosses, "and we have nothing to regret in this strike."

"Then we shall go to Washington and get a congressional investigation to show you up," and the delegation is on the job making it hot for the bosses.

"We will fool the workers with stories of the weakening of the strike and tell them thru our press and in advertisements that we will give them all we can if they go back to work," whine the bosses.

"We will get out our own Bulletin and keep every striker informed of your tricks and your hypocrisy, and show up your profits and the miserable wages you are paying so that your ads and your press will not be worth the sniff of a pig," replied the strikers. And the Textile Strike Bulletin keeps coming, solidifying the ranks and unifying the workers and punching holes in the air bags of the bosses and giving them the laugh.

Solidarity, workers! Stand together, strikers of Passaic! For every challenge of the bosses we will offer the defy of 12,000 courageous workers.

Correction on St. Paul Commune Meeting.

The Paris Commune meeting in St. Paul will be held at the Labor Temple Saturday evening at 8 p. m., March 20. T. R. Sullivan will be the main speaker.

The Pioneers and the Passaic Strike

By JAMES ROSEN

(12 years old.) Comrades, the situation of Passaic is terrible; the strikers live in hell-holes that are cold and dusty and the children are almost starved sometimes. The pioneers are helping to support the strikers by participating in their tag day and getting articles for their bazaar. Comrades, the police club the women and children, even throw gas bombs at them and they do not even realize how much the workers suffer as long as the bosses protect them. I once read in a capitalist paper a big headline, "Russia, no Passaic," this means that the police were worse than the cossacks in Russia. This shows how the police care for the strikers and they don't even care if the men get killed. Now you see the situation of the strikers in Passaic. The Pioneers have established a slogan, "Always Ready," and this shows that the Pioneers are always ready to help the DAILY WORKER and the Passaic strikers.

FIGHT ON ALL FRONTS IN PASSAIC

THE Passaic textile workers' strike, now in its eighth week, is being fought out by the strikers on all fronts. The latest developments of the strike are:

1. Some 16,000 strikers are now out of the mills in Passaic, demanding not only the abolition of the wage cuts but a 10 per cent increase in wages over the old wage scale; the return of the money taken from them by the wage cuts; time and a half for overtime; a 44-hour week; decent and sanitary working conditions; no discrimination against unionized workers; and recognition of the union.
2. The strike, which is being conducted by the United Front Committee of the northern part of the textile industry, the series of savage wage cuts driving hundreds of workers daily into the ranks of the strikers. One of the latest mills to join the walkout is the Lodi Silk Works.
3. The strikers have already felt the combined opposition not only of the arrogant bosses, but of the police officials, with their brutal attacks during which workers—men and women, young and old—were violently clubbed, beaten to the ground, attacked with tear gas bombs and soaked by fire hoses. The courts, the usual tools of the bosses, have done their bit against the strikers, by sentencing to jail one striker after another for exercising their right to picket. The newspapers, forced to take recognition and to protest against the brutality of the police have tried to use the police situation in order to create sentiment for calling in the state militia or troops, which would be even worse for the strikers.
4. The militancy of the strikers has obliged the police in some spots to back down in their brutal clubbings, and the picket line and demonstrations of the strikers grow larger every day as a defiant answer to the mill boss tools who continue to beat up strikers whenever there is an opportunity.
5. The strike of the textile workers has attracted national attention, and a delegation of strikers has proceeded to Washington in an attempt to get the United States senate to institute a commission of investigation of the miserable conditions of the textile workers and the abolition of civil rights in the strike. Some senators have already expressed a readiness to work for such a commission. Coolidge has refused even to see the strikers. Frank P. Walsh is in Washington with the delegation as counsel.
6. The situation in the textile industry and the feelings of the bitterly exploited workers shows signs that the spread of the strike from Passaic is more than likely in the near future. Already men are out in Lodi. In Paterson, strike talk is rife among the textile workers. In New England, especially in Lawrence, the scene of many historic labor battles, agitation for a strike is going strong.

French "Tiger" to Re-enter Politics

PARIS, March 18. — M. Georges Clemenceau, "the tiger," after five years of retirement, is preparing to make another sally into politics, according to Paul Reynaud.

Deputies Give Briand Vote of Confidence

PARIS, March 18.—Declaring his faith in the ability of France to settle her financial difficulties and meet her international debts, Premier Briand went before the chamber of deputies this afternoon and presented his ministerial declaration, as head of the new French cabinet. He was given a vote of confidence, after finishing, by 361 in favor to 164 against.

Women's Meet in June. KANSAS CITY—(FP) — The 10th biennial convention, Natl. Women's Trade Union league, will meet in Kansas City June 23 to July 3.

Worker Correspondence will make THE DAILY WORKER a better paper. Send in a story about your shop.

MASS MEETING TONIGHT FOR PARIS COMMUNE

Big Program Is Ready for Celebration

Chicago workers will commemorate the 55th anniversary of the Paris Commune with a mass meeting beginning at 8 p. m. tonight at the Ashland Boulevard Auditorium, Ashland avenue and Van Buren street. The program, arranged by Local Chicago, International Labor Defense, is as follows:

Overture, Lettish orchestra. Chairman's introduction, Ralph Chaplin. Opening address, Bishop W. M. Brown.

"Last Day of the Commune," one-act drama (translated from the Russian): Scene, a barricaded street in the outskirts of Paris. Time, early morning, spring of 1871. Cast of characters—Marcel, A. K. Chetich; Dombrowski, Frank Buckley; Jean, Donald Burke; Louise, Rose Lurye; first worker, S. Miron; second worker, J. L. Brooks; sentry, N. Segal; lieutenant, R. Brundage. Assisted by the "Omladina" dramatic group. Directed by Ivan Sokoloff, assisted by B. Ellis, J. Wednis and E. B. Elbaum.

Address, "Significance of the Paris Commune," J. W. Johnstone. Prison songs, Russian singers. Address, "International Labor Defense," Robert Minor.

Short talks by Ida Rothstein, M. J. Loeb and Corinne Robinson.

Motion pictures, with music by Lettish orchestra.

The Chicago Paris Commune meeting is only one of a series which are

New Imperialist War Is Threatening As Powers Quit Meeting At Geneva

By J. LOUIS ENGBAHL.

THE league of nations crumples up at Geneva and the Union of Soviet Republics wins the victory thru receiving another extension of its "breathing spell," as it develops its strength for new struggles with the whole hostile capitalist world.

Austen Chamberlain, the foreign minister in Baldwin's British government, who plotted the capitalist bloc against Soviet rule, returns to London freighted with defeat, unable to solve the conflicts within the capitalist system.

Instead all the old blocs among the contending sections of capitalist Europe are revived, with some new ones added. "Petty nationalism" is what Edwin L. James, the correspondent of the New York Times calls it. But it was imperialism that dictated the terms of the Versailles treaty in 1919; the very terms that spawned the league and found another hideous offspring in "Locarno."

Instead of a united capitalist front in western Europe, against Soviet rule in the East, at least four contending groups must now resort to all the secret intrigues that have always featured imperialist diplomacy, in order to develop their own shifting places in the sun. The British, who have been leading the proposed anti-Soviet onslaught, see their hopes shattered and prestige lowered. The French, with treasury bankrupt and wars continuing in Morocco and Syria, can only dream of the now far distant days of the "cordon sanitaire," when Paris was the center of anti-Bolshevik conspiracies that backed Poland, Roumania and other frontier governments in the hope of wrecking the Workers' and Peasants' Republic. Then there is the proposed Mussolini bloc, the Mediterranean entente, the dream of the fascist dictator. In the Geneva atmosphere of "suspicion and strife" Mussolini is credited with instigating Brazil to cause the final smash-up. He also egged on Spain to create further complications. Only Mussolini's representative refused to join in the mourning that attended the funeral finish at Geneva after ten days of bitter wrangling that postponed everything until September. Mussolini's Geneva spokesman comes home to Rome with acclaim, while Briand returns to Paris, Stresemann to Berlin, and Chamberlain to London, perhaps to see their governments dropped into the same grave with the league and the drooping "Spirit of Locarno," now a discredited ghost. The six months before September's arrival are filled with many possibilities. It is easy to conceive that the conflicts then will be worse than they are now.

The socialists shouted loudest that "Locarno" was to bring peace to the world. Geneva has wrecked all that. Even a fraudulent disarmament conference now seems impossible. These revelations will convince new masses of workers, in all west European countries, of the correctness of Communist policies in the present struggle with labor's capitalist foe. The web of delusions so energetically spun by social-democratic betrayers, will be swept aside for many more who labor.

While the workers and peasants under Soviet rule rapidly develop and strengthen their economy, the workers and farmers of western Europe will consolidate their power in support of the Communist leadership that directs the growing effort to plant the standards of Communism everywhere thruout Europe.

The world's workers have real cause for rejoicing that their exploiters thus find it impossible to secure unity among themselves. Let labor instead join its forces internationally and speed the day of their emancipation.

The Versailles peace, the league of nations, "Locarno"—all lead to new imperialist wars. The solidarity of labor everywhere with the victorious Russian revolution alone leads the way to world peace.

Coolidge Spurns Talk on Conditions of the Passaic, N. Y., Strikers

representatives were closeted with him for many hours.

Davis Is Bosses' Tool.

The plan for ending the Passaic strike which this lackey of the bosses is trying to put over is that the strikers go back to work under the present conditions, repudiating their present leadership. When they have all returned to work then the textile barons will "meet" committees from various departments and go over the grievances.

If the bosses' committee and strikers' committees cannot agree on terms then the matter will be submitted to a committee of three—one from the bosses, one from Secretary of Labor Davis' office, and one from the workers. This committee's decision will be binding. In this way the textile barons and the department of labor intend to hog-tie the workers and cheat them out of the victory which is theirs.

Never under any circumstances will the strikers go back under terms which amount to unconditional surrender. Their only condition for return is the restoration of the wage rate of last October and then the opening of negotiations.

Government Strikebreaker. For the department of labor to demand that the workers return and accept the old scale and to repudiate its leadership only emphasizes the role of the government as a strikebreaker.

Cleveland to Hold Bazaar. CLEVELAND March 17.—The Cleveland International Labor Defense will hold its annual bazaar and dance on Sunday, March 21, at Moose Hall, 1000 Walnut St., in celebration of the anniversary of the Paris Commune.

STRIKER GETS TEN DAYS FOR BEING BEATEN

New Crime Is Invented by Passaic 'Justice'

By J. O. BENTALL.

PASSAIC, N. J., March 18.—A new crime has been invented in Passaic. If a striker allows a cop to split his head the striker has committed a crime and is at once taken to the housegown and later to the judge and given a sentence of anywhere from ten to 90 days in the county jail pen.

To prove this ask Chester Grabinsky. He knows.

Forceful Police Arguments.

Grabinsky was picketing in a small line of only half a dozen, among them a couple of boys that have worked in the mill since they were 12. When the police stopped Teddy Timmesha, 17, and began to search him, Grabinsky asked what right the police had to search a young fellow on the picket line without any reason. He was at once put under arrest. Then after he was in the hands of the police another cop came along and shouted, "Where is that fellow?" When he saw him he knocked him unopposed with his night stick.

Grabinsky's head had been split and he was bleeding profusely. The kind hearted chief who happened around ordered Grabinsky locked up. The jailer saw his condition and ordered him sent to the hospital. Here the doctors sewed up the scalp and got him dressed for the next ordeal. He must now go to the court and see what has been his crime. The judge gets the hang of the affair and promptly gives Grabinsky ten days in jail, explaining that it is a serious crime to get hit by the cop's club.

Apologists for the judge claim that he did this out of pure kindness and argue that it will require at least ten days for the wound to be healed, and what place could be more safe than the jail where no picket lines are formed and where cops do not break in and split heads?

STRIKERS PLAN BAZAAR

Passaic Committee Enlists Aid of Many Artists

PASSAIC, N. J., March 18.—Plans for the great bazaar to be held in Passaic the latter part of the week are now nearing completion. Artists who will appear in novel numbers during the four-day program are Florence Norman, opera singer; Peggy Tucker, pianist; John Di Gregorio, opera singer; Arthur Cramer, violinist; Ludmilla Torotska, soprano; Lyana Paton, dancer.

One of the most interesting features of the bazaar will be the Saturday afternoon children's program, which will be staged by strikers' children. Recitations, a toe dancer, acrobats, violinists, and special group numbers, arranged by the children themselves, will make up the afternoon program.

Articles to be sold at the bazaar may still be donated if sent at once to the committee at 743 Main Ave. Many attractive articles have been received, including two five-tube radio sets, a victrola, clothes, candy, cosmetics, dishes and many small articles, which are especially needed.

SEND IN A SUB.

4 DAYS! 4 DAYS!

BAZAAR

For the Relief of the Textile Strikers

KANTOR'S AUDITORIUM
PASSAIC, N. J.

THURSDAY to SUNDAY

March 18 to 21

Splendid Program for All the Days

THURSDAY—International Night

Admission 25 Cents.

FRIDAY—Labor Union and Strikers' Night

Admission 25 Cents.

SATURDAY—Masquerade Ball

Admission 50 Cents.

SUNDAY (afternoon)—Hungarian Dramatic Society will give a short entertainment

SUNDAY (evening)—Maennerchor Night

Chorus of 150 Voices.

Edith Siegel will dance Russian folk dances.
Mark Perper will play piano selections.

Admission 50 Cents.

Music Furnished by the Mancini's Original Tuxedo Seven.

MARCH is LABOR DEFENDER MONTH

Forty thousand workers were killed in 1871 in the Paris Commune.

Fifty-five years later hundreds of thousands of workers have been killed or imprisoned under the White Terror.



A sub to THE LABOR DEFENDER is a blow against the persecution of workers—added strength to international Labor Defense—help to class war prisoners.

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Passaic Textile Strike Is Historic Labor Fight

BOSSSES EMPLOY SPY SYSTEM IN TEXTILE MILLS

Company Stools Must Make Lengthy Report

By MARGUERITE LARKIN.

Terrorization by the bosses! Terrorization carried on by means of a spy system in which every smallest word and act of a tired textile worker may be reported. The Passaic, N. J., Council of Wool Manufacturers has done its part with its employment bureau and its undercover spies to put fear into the heart of every worker who needs a job.

A set of instructions issued by the wool council to a worker who needed money badly and who consented to "help the mills" has been discovered by Robert W. Dunn, and is available for publication for the first time now. It tells the spy how to report every detail of a worker's day, every conversation on the way to the mills, every evidence of dissatisfaction.

Spy on Workers in Shop.

"State whether employees work steadily thru the day. If not give the particulars. If they prepare to leave the department before the whistle blows, give the facts. If there is ill feeling among the employees toward the company state why. Give the names, machine number or check numbers and the reasons why they are dissatisfied."

This is the first instruction on the list of ten. The second is more dangerous to the worker. By its provisions the mill bosses are to be informed of the private beliefs and views of the workers, with what results may be imagined.

Seek Out "Agitators."

"If there are any employees in your department who are cranks or agitators on the labor question, Bolshevism, socialism or any other 'ism,' write up what they have to say, mention their grievances and give details so that we will know as much about it as you do."

This is the provision that has halted more than one first-hand investigation of the workers' conditions in the mills. Justine Wise, daughter of Rabbi Stephen L. Wise of New York City, who worked in the Passaic textile mills for several months, was fired from one mill and blacklisted in others when a spy like this one reported that she was a "crank," an "agitator," and a college woman working in the mill to better the lot of the workers.

The warning against "cranks" and "agitators" is linked with a paragraph on "Americanization," for the spy was expected to act as propagandist for the bosses as well as informer.

Spies "Americanization" Experts.

"An Americanization movement is going thruout the United States. Americanization, when brewed down, is nothing more than the ability to speak some English and use common, ordinary, everyday horse sense," says the bosses' instruction sheet. "When a fellow worker spouts a lot of silly propaganda you should put up a sensible argument based on facts that will make a monkey of the would-be trouble-maker. Eventually he or she will see his or her fault and become sensibly American."

A "sensible American," as is made plain by the tone of the document, is an American who is willing to bow down to the tyranny of his boss. "Sensible Americans" are those that work long hours for low wages, and see their women forced to slavery on the night shift, in the opinion of the bosses. The spy is urged to be "sensible."

A blank is furnished him for his report. "Whom did you meet on way to work (names, checks or machine numbers)? What did he, she or they say? What did you say (always talk sensibly)?" These questions and others like them are to be answered in great detail for every conversation of the day.

Must Report Meetings.

"Attend meetings. Say where they are held. Give names of speakers and write up what they say. Mention number of men and women present. Furnish complete particulars and details concerning all meetings." These are the instructions by which the spy kept his bosses informed of any little movement that might mean the dreaded union. Any speaker who was not "sensible" would have his words quoted to the bosses. Any worker who agreed with the speaker would be reported by "name, check, or machine number." No detail was to be safe from the spy. No common, human activity of a worker was to be carried on in private. The labor spy was everywhere, mingling with the crowd of men and women going to the mill, listening to what they said when they snatched their hasty lunch, reporting to the bosses if they got so tired that any calamity seemed preferable to the vicious routine.

"Keep the closest watch on any and everything." The labor spy was both the tool and the weapon of the Passaic Council of Wool Manufacturers.

Clifton Police and Imported Thugs Block March of Strikers



Clifton police and imported gunmen, now wearing the uniform of the forces of "law and order," bar the Passaic strike pickets, from marching down Randolph Ave. A double line of police with nightsticks ready to descend on the heads of the strikers can be seen. These scenes are becoming commonplace in the Passaic strike district. The East Paterson police are now threatening to use riot guns on the strikers when they attempt their march on the National Silk Dyeing company to convince the workers in that plant of the need for them to join the strike and fight for an improvement of their conditions. The Associated Silk Workers have promised the strikers to co-operate in every way possible to organize the dye workers.



Passaic Pickets Don Gas Masks



This photo shows a number of Passaic textile workers on the picket line fighting against a ten per cent cut in wages and for more sanitary conditions. These pickets have had to don gas masks and steel helmets due to the police brutality in this strike. Union workers can take a good look at this picture as strike lines of the future will look something like this. When a union decides to go on strike, it may have to consider the purchase of gas masks to protect its members from deadly and harmful gases.

"On to Clifton!" Is Strikers' Battle-Cry



Passaic strikers are marching towards the Forstmann-Huffmann mills in Clifton, led by a mother and her babe. The Clifton police brutally attacked a number of mass picketing demonstrations at the Forstmann-Huffmann mill, which has joined the Passaic strike. This demonstration of pickets was also attacked by the police.

PASSAIC WOMEN MUST TOIL 20 HOURS EACH DAY

Work at Home and in Textile Mills

Twenty hours a day, a one-hundred-and-twenty-hour week. These are the working hours of hundreds of women in Passaic, N. J. They are the young mothers who work all night in the mills and all day taking care of their families, and who never get more than four hours of sleep a day.

They are striking now with the men for a living wage for workers, so that men can make enough to put food into little mouths without mothers needing to work all night long for the few extra dollars that mean enough to eat.

Young Mothers Toil at Night.

It is the young mothers who work at night because they cannot leave their children during the day. Among 100 women who were visited by an investigator for the New Jersey Consumers' League, 92 had children and over half the children were under 7 years of age. Thirty such mothers had more than 4 children.

"The mothers are driven to night work by the low wages of their husbands," says the official report of the investigator. "They choose night work in order to be with their children by day, and they are condemned to 20 hours of daily toil, for clearly no mother with 3, 4, 5 or 6 children can secure much rest by day. Not one of the hundred women visited reported getting 8 hours of sleep. Most of them slept not more than 4."

Altho the practice of allowing women to work at night is repudiated by the entire civilized world, the bosses of Passaic are indifferent to its evils. "They must like it or they wouldn't do it," the secretary of the wool council told the investigator.

Work Cripples Health.

But the women do not like it. "Working nights isn't healthy for a woman. All the time I work at night I can't eat anything," says one Polish widow who has to support three little girls.

"Night time in mill drag so long, so long; day time in home go so quick," says a Hungarian mother with five.

"When I get home at six in the morning I fall on the bed, I'm so tired." Her husband prepares coffee for himself and the children, and the older ones go to school. Even the baby of four is on a diet of coffee. When the investigator suggests that milk would be better, the mother tells her that since the wage cut milk costs too much, even for the baby.

After the children go to school mother tries to sleep again, but the baby bothers her. "He pulls the bed clothes." She must get up in time to clean house, to wash, to iron, mend and sew, and prepare the dinner. Perhaps she rests in the afternoon; often there is too much to do. By five o'clock supper must be ready, for she must be at the mill at seven.

Life of Slave.

This mother never has time to go anywhere. She never goes to see friends, or to a picture show. "Just to the mill and then home," she says. But on the holidays she can go to the cemetery. "I got some children up there," she says, "and the same time I can get some air."

This is the slavery that mothers endure, and will have to endure again if the Passaic strike for living wages and a protective union should fail. This is the heart-breaking, health-breaking kind of a double job that starvation wages paid by rich mills are imposing on helpless women. These women see only one hope of release for themselves, and that is the success of the strike. YOU help the strike to win!

Police Threaten Strikers



This picture shows the police blocking the mass picket demonstration of the Passaic strikers at the Ackerman Ave. bridge. These police thugs have beaten and slugged striking textile workers at every opportunity making the Passaic strike one that will not be soon forgotten. These police sluggers are threatening to fire on the strikers if they dare to cross the bridge.

POLICE BLOCK STRIKE PARADE



When workers attempt to picket textile plants in the Passaic district all of the available police with night sticks, tear gas bombs and riot guns are placed in their way. This scene shows some of the police thugs threatening to fire on the first worker that dares to attempt to proceed to a mill that the United Front Committee of Textile Workers is trying to pull out.

WAR CAUSE IS ECONOMIC, SAYS ESME HOWARD

Ambassador Says Cash Rules the World

"Naked and unashamed," the dollar, the franc and the pound dominate world diplomacy today as never before, Sir Esme Howard, British ambassador to the United States, declared upon his arrival here from Washington.

Sir Esme, referring to the impasse at Geneva, insisted that "the Locarno pact must hold the league of nations together until they emerge intact from the storm."

The next great world struggle, declared the British ambassador, will be a struggle for markets, boldly outlined in the diplomacy to come for just what it is—a battle for cash. "When a great man goes wrong," said Sir Esme, "look for the woman; when great nations go wrong, look for the dollar."

The Communist Convention.

"In the short forty years in which I have been engaged in the business of diplomacy the outlook of the various foreign offices of the world has perceptibly altered. The great change has been an altered conviction—the conviction that economic causes dominate history."

"The economic causes underlying war were not in the past so naked and unashamed as they are today. Formerly the people of the world struggled unconsciously, the governments subconsciously, for security, for their 'place in the sun.'"

Killing for Dollars.

"The next struggle—which will be of this century and the future—will be even more clearly economic than before, tho it may bring about no considerable change in the actual political status of the participants. That is why diplomacy is undergoing so great a change. It must in the end be termed a diplomacy of dollars."

Week-End Guests.

The ambassador and Lady Howard are to be week-end guests of Judge and Mrs. C. N. Goodwin at Lake Forest. Sir Esme spoke here last night before the English-speaking union.

CLEVELAND PARTY SCHOOL STARTS ITS NEW TERM; ENROLL IN CLASSES NOW

CLEVELAND, March 18.—Classes have been resumed and new ones have been added. The following is the list of courses now open to students at the Cleveland Party School:

ENGLISH: Wednesday evenings at 8 and Sunday morning at 10. Section 1: Hungarian Hall, 4309 Lorain Ave.

Section 2: South, Slavic Hall, 5607 St. Clair Ave. Sunday mornings at 10.

Section 3: 11506 Union Ave. TRADE UNIONISM: Sunday mornings at 10.

District Office, 5927 Euclid Ave. Instructor: John Brahtlin.

COMMUNISM: Friday nights at 8. District Office, 5927 Euclid Ave. Instructor: I. Amter.

All nucleus and section agitators are obliged to take this course, which begins on March 26. The course is open to any others desiring to take it.

TRAINING FOR FUNCTIONARIES: Thursday nights at 8. District Office, 5927 Euclid Ave. Instructor: I. Amter.

All nucleus and section organizers-secretaries are obliged to take this course, which begins on March 26. The course is open to any others desiring to take it.

Register at the District Office or at any one of the places named above.

Anita Whitney's Case Comes Before Federal Supreme Court Today

WASHINGTON, March 18.—When the federal supreme court was ready for argument of Anita Whitney's appeal for rehearing of her case—which was conviction under the California criminal syndicalism law for belonging to the Communist labor party in 1919—her counsel, Walter Pollak, was ill. Delay of argument was asked. Counsel for the state of California objected. Chief Justice Taft ordered a delay. The case comes up tomorrow and if counsel is unable to speak, the case must be submitted to the court on the written briefs of both sides, declared Taft.

When that argument begins at lunch time in your shop tomorrow—show them what the DAILY WORKER says about it.

LEAGUE SMASH NOW ADMITTED BY DELEGATES

Rumors of New Lineups Fill the Air

(Continued from page 1).

led to the postponement of the entry of Germany into the league. He will have to face the criticism of the labor and liberal parties.

Premier Baldwin takes the view that the inconsistency of Brazil alone caused the failure of the league session.

German Leaders Return.

BERLIN, March 18.—A bitter parliamentary struggle awaits chancellor Luther and foreign minister Stresemann upon their return from Geneva today.

The nationalists and other irreconcilables threaten a violent campaign against the government, on the grounds that its foreign policy has been an utter failure and Germany's honor besmirched by her non-admission to the league.

Anticipating hostile demonstrations, an extra cordon of police has been thrown around the railroad depot where the German league delegation is expected to arrive.

Communists Issue Call.

A manifesto of the German Communist Party declared that the outcome of the league conference signals the imminence of an imperialistic war and demands an alliance with Russia in order to prevent it. The masses of the nation are called upon to take part in demonstrations on May first.

Germany To Retaliate.

Germany will retaliate if Brazil should carry out the German boycott, suggested by some Brazilian newspapers, it was learned today. Retaliation would be in the shape of a revocation of the government licenses for the export to Brazil of salvarsan, chemicals and medical instruments.

Spain Glad of Smashup.

MADRID, March 18.—The Spanish government expressed its satisfaction over the league of nations' conference at Geneva in an official communique today.

"The adjournment at Geneva," it said, "fortified Spain's position. Spain will utilize the time between now and September, when the league meets again, to certify her right to a permanent seat in the council of the league."

Brazil Defends Stand.

RIO JANEIRO, March 18.—The Brazilian government today defended its position at Geneva on the grounds that Brazil's candidacy for a permanent seat had its birth before the Locarno conference and the inception of the Locarno treaties, and therefore was not affected by the Locarno agreements of subsequent negotiations.

The official statement declares that "the attitude of Brazil in applying for a seat in the council was not dictated by the whim of the moment, nor was it the result of a hasty improvisation."

Events Leading Up to Smash.

(Special to The Daily Worker)

GENEVA, March 18.—The high and mighty of Europe, with their lesser satellites from South America and a scattering delegate or two from the rest of the world, packed each other's trunks yesterday, backed each other a friendly goodby which concealed the rapier beneath the polite and formal ceremonies of leave-taking, and departed to build up their political fences at home. On all hands it was admitted that the league of nations has suffered a loss of prestige which it will be almost impossible to repair.

Europe is revealed as divided into a number of hostile camps. Rumors and reports of new alliances and ententes are heard on every hand. It is recognized that the United States will hardly consider going any further than the world court. Indeed many think the failure of the league will create a powerful backcurrent in America for withdrawal even from that commitment.

Formal Assembly Meeting.

It was not until after 10:30 a. m. that the assembly was called to order. Everyone realized the session marked a historic event, full of significance for Europe's future in particular. On being called to order by President La Costa of Portugal, Ansten Chamberlain was given the floor. He asked Mello Franco, the Brazilian delegate, whose refusal to vote for Germany's admission to a permanent seat in the council unless Brazil was given one also caused the disruption of all arranged plans and made an agreement impossible, to make his statement.

Mello explained his personal regret at the state of affairs but reiterated that his government's instructions

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NEW YORK TEACHERS' UNION AIDS PASSAIC TEXTILE STRIKERS

NEW YORK, March 18.—The teachers' union went on record by unanimous vote to support morally and financially the striking textile workers in Passaic at its meeting Friday night at the Ethical Culture building, after listening to an address by J. O. Bentall, New York representative of the DAILY WORKER, on the strike situation and the courageous fight the mill workers are putting up.

"We have drawn into this battle every agency that is willing to help the workers get better conditions and more decent wages," said Bentall. "We have accepted offers from prominent men, who have expressed their willingness to render aid in getting the employers to negotiate. Rabbi Wise and a committee of prominent citizens have tried to get the mill owners to meet the strike committee. They refused. Ministers in the strike territory have offered to mediate and the workers have accepted their offers. The bosses have refused. The governor came to mediate. The bosses refused him, too."

"But the union all over the country have come to the support of the workers," continued the speaker. "The Amalgamated Clothing Workers have pledged support and already given \$2,000 worth of food-stuffs to go thru the relief committee stores in Passaic. The International Ladies' Garment Workers' locals of dressmakers and cloakmakers have pledged one hour per member, which will mean \$40,000."

"I want to go back to the strikers in Passaic and tell them that the Teachers' Union is backing them."

The body voted to donate \$5 and to put out lists among its members for support.

were "irrevocable and final."

All Regretful.

Chamberlain then made his declaration, asserting that the failure to reach a conclusion endangered the split of Europe into two opposing camps. The delegates knew that he referred to the French and the British blocs.

Aristide Briand followed, with many regrets for the breakup, etc., etc. Several more succeeded him, winding up with the declaration by Choua Hsi-chu, the Chinese representative, that the Oriental nations should have an equal vote in matters before the league.

The assembly then voted to accept the decision of the council postponing to September the question of Germany's entry.

Support Locarno.

PARIS, March 18.—Before leaving Geneva, Briand, Chamberlain, and Stresemann, the authors of the Locarno pact, drew up the following statement, reaffirming their intention to maintain it intact.

The text states in part: "Locarno remains intact."

"They remain attached to it today, as yesterday, and are firmly resolved to work together to maintain and develop it. They are convinced that on the occasion of the next session of the assembly the difficulties that exist at this moment will be surmounted and that the agreement reached with regard to the conditions for the entry of Germany into the league of nations will be realized."

The "Mediterranean League."

ROME, March 18.—Premier Mussolini denies that he supported the Brazilian stand against Germany.

The "Mediterranean League of Nations," reported to have been formed, is not a new proposal. It has been talked of for over two years. The rumor of its actual formation, however, persists. It is stated by responsible authorities that France and Italy have signed a joint agreement for common action in all matters affecting their interests on this sea. Czechoslovakia is alleged to be willing to come in.

German Press Condemns Flasco.

BERLIN, March 18.—German newspapers united today in condemning the outcome of the league council controversy as a terrific exposure of the weakness of the league as an instrument for universal peace and friendship. All agree that the result has dealt a heavy blow to the illusions of pro-league elements in Germany.

"Wire Pullers."

There is some disagreement in placing guilt for the failure of the conference but the majority blame Briand and Chamberlain, describing them as "wire-pullers" who were outrageously unfair in that they made secret promises to Poland and Spain without the knowledge of Germany. Most of the papers urge continuation of the Locarno policy explaining that Germany is too weak to stand alone. The strategy pursued by the German delegation at Geneva is generally praised.

Communists Demand Resignations.

The ultra-nationalist press, as well as the Communist, Rote Fahne, demand the immediate resignation of the Luther cabinet and predict governmental crises throughout Europe.

The Deutsche Zeitung (organ of the nationalists), declares: "What a humiliation for Germany. The German delegation hung around like beggars and now are driven off with empty hands. Liberian Negroes would spit in anger if the same thing happened to them."

FRANCE BEGINS NEW OFFENSIVE AGAINST RIFFS

Jails Scores of French Opponents of War

PARIS, France.—(By Mail)—French imperialism is preparing for a new offensive in the spring. All efforts are being made in order to send great numbers of soldiers to the Rif. Troops are composed, 90 per cent of them, of Alsatians because the war in Morocco is no longer popular in France.

Workers Fight War.

The tenacious fight of the Communist Party of France against the war in Morocco and Syria finds a strong response in the French working class. In all parts of France workers protest against the war despite the long prison sentences that have been passed already against people who opposed the war.

Apart from Comrades Cachin and Treint, who, as the leaders of the French working class placed themselves at the head of the opposition movement against the war and were therefore sentenced to imprisonment, the bourgeois class courts pass every day sentences against class conscious workers who have realized the insanity of the Moroccan war and have protested against it. A simple statement of protest is sufficient to get months of imprisonment.

Recently, the editor of "L'Humanite," de Midi, Gay, was sentenced in Nimes to three months imprisonment and a large fine because he has published articles against the Moroccan war. The appeal court, however, did not consider that sufficient. It doubled the sentence.

In Limoges, the Communists who had protested against the Moroccan war, were sentenced to the following terms of imprisonment and fine: Ausoleil, two months imprisonment, 100 francs fine; Lamende, six months imprisonment, 100 francs fine; Labeyrie, three months and 100 francs fine; Renaud, three months and 100 francs fine.

In Brest a 17-year-old young worker, Lareat, was accused of having posted up placards of protest against the war.

With him a teacher, Guesch was accused whose "crime" was quite unclear. He is alleged to have shown to the young worker the pillars where to post up the placards. It must be mentioned, that the court could not prove definitely that the boy had really posted up the placards, but it sentenced him to four months imprisonment and the appeal court doubled this sentence to eight months.

The young worker was sent to the house of his minority, that is for four years!

Beats Germany.

Such sentences have not even been passed in the classical country of class justice and persecutions of Communists, in Germany, where the comrades got 75 marks fine in the worst case for posting up placards.

Another Comrade in Brest, Kerdrain, is accused, because in his house a parcel of posters was found that was not even opened.

But it is not yet sufficient so send to jail those who are courageous enough to protest against the robber war, every possible attempt is made to make their life in prison as terrible as possible.

Thus in Nantes two Communists, Le Forestier and Turpin, were imprisoned for propaganda against the Moroccan war. Turpin is only 17 years old. The prison director now refuses to Comrade Le Forestier the right of visitors, thus infringing the existing prison regulations. This was kept on for such a long time that Comrade Le Forestier went on a hunger strike.

The brave young comrade Turpin declared his solidarity with Forestier and joined the hunger strike.

These are only a few cases of the many that could be reported. On the whole French class justice has sentenced 40 comrades to a total of 363 months in prison, because they have bravely opposed the Moroccan war.

Unfavorable Trade Balance Threatens to Increase Crisis

PARIS, March 18.—France is faced with a rapidly growing unfavorable trade balance, in contrast to the situation a year ago. This is especially serious in view of the continuous decline in the value of the franc.

The figures for January and February give a balance against France of 1,450,000,000 francs, approximately \$50,000,000. Both imports and exports have increased since the first of the year. The former, however, has increased three times as fast. The totals represent a large increase over the previous year. Tonnage statistics show a gain of 27,000 tons of imports and a decrease of 148,000 tons in exports.

Cause of Cabinet Upsets.

The high price in francs paid for raw material and foodstuffs has produced the \$50,000,000 deficit compared to the favorable figures of 1925. This situation reflects the growing financial crisis which is gripping the nation and producing politically its reflex in the instability of cabinets.

WITH THE YOUNG WORKERS

CONDUCTED BY THE YOUNG WORKERS LEAGUE

YOUNG WORKERS OF U. S. PROTEST AGAINST BLOODY INTERVENTION OF THE U. S. GOVERNMENT IN CHINA!

The American youth, young workers, peasants, students, soldiers and sailors must turn their eyes to the present grave crisis in the Chinese situation! In the landed territory surrounding the Gulf of Liao-Tung, the germs of the next imperialist slaughter are being hatched. Pretty soon we, the youth of America, will be called to arms to fight against the "yellow peril" (the investments of the American imperialists in China) and incidentally against the workers' and peasants' government of the Soviet Union.

Already the five so-called Boxer protocol powers, the United States, Great Britain, Japan, France and Italy have handed out an ultimatum which is primarily directed against the Kuomintang (the national revolutionary army) which is the dominant group in the territory around Peking. The American imperialists whose tongues wag thru the Coolidge administration in Washington has stepped from behind its mask of neutrality, its so-called passive attitude on the question of extra-territoriality rights. It now steps on the stage as the bloody butcher of the millions of young and adult workers, peasants and students who are fighting for their national independence in China.

The ultimatum demands the abandonment of all hostilities between Taku and Tientsin; the removal of the mines from the river Pei-Ho; the cessation of all molesting of navigation signals; that all combatant naval craft remain outside the Taku bar, refraining from interference with foreign shipping; and the discontinuance of the searching of foreign vessels.

This bloody ultimatum can mean only one thing. Complete capitulation of the national revolutionary army of China to the encroachments of Chiang Tso-Lin, the Manchurian tool of Japanese capitalism and to the other foreign imperialist invaders. It can only mean a great setback to the national revolutionary forces of China who have, especially in the south, so heroically struggled for their freedom. Unless the ultimatum is conceded to by Thursday a blood-bath is promised by the imperialist powers to the Chinese people. The Taku forts will be fired upon and the mines in the Pei-Ho river swept.

Young workers of America! The Young Workers (Communist) League calls upon you to protest en masse against the bloody intervention of the United States government in China! We demand the immediate withdrawal of U. S. gunboats and marines from China! Demand the withdrawal of foreign imperialist intervention in China! We will not shoot down the workers, peasants and students of China for the bloody profits of Morgan and the other American imperialists.

Only the Soviet Union is the friend of the Chinese people fighting for their freedom! Only the workers' and farmers' government of Russia has signed treaties with China, in which China is considered a completely and perfectly equal party. The other imperialist nations do not regard China as an independent sovereign state but as an object of exploitation.

Young workers of the United States! Rally to the aid of the Chinese people—the national revolutionary movement. Arrange mass meetings and demonstrations throughout the country against this threat of a new war. Send your protests to the representatives in congress.

Exchange of Experiences of Shop Nuclei and Concentration Groups

CONCENTRATION GROUP 5-B.

The meeting opened at 6 p. m. The order of business was as follows:

1. Reports: (a) Section Executive.
- (b) Young Worker.
2. Future Activities: (a) Dues.
- (b) Tickets.
- (3) Future Meeting.

Comrade R. reported of the Section Executive:

1. Factory campaigns: About the apron factory we are going to print an article in the Young Worker. The Sunshine Biscuit company. We are going to have a discussion on the leaflet which will be distributed at the doors of the factory. He proposes to have a special meeting of the group to discuss the leaflet.

2. The class is not functioning well

and he asks the comrades to attend the class every Friday.

3. We must hustle up to get some more subs for the Young Worker.

4. A meeting of the organizers of all concentration groups will be held shortly, in order to start a membership campaign.

5. We must hustle up the sale of tickets for the affair for the Young Worker. The report was discussed and accepted.

After discussing it, it was decided that comrades shall pay for the Young Worker in advance. Comrade B. reports that the woodworkers of the I. Miller Shoe Co. are striking and the rest of the workers are working.

Tickets were distributed and no dues were collected. With this the meeting adjourned.

RED NIGHT ON MAR. 20 FOR NEW YORK

The fourth anniversary of the establishment of the YOUNG WORKER will be celebrated in New York on March 20. The place is Harlem Casino, 116th street and Lenox avenue, Saturday evening, March 20. There will be excellent music and many surprises.

YOUTH LEAGUE PERSECUTED IN FINLAND.

FINLAND.—On Feb. 8 there began the trial of 40 workers active in the trade unions and the youth organization. Thirty are arrested. The trial was conducted by the secret police in order to ferret out the Communist sympathizers in the youth organization.

The Youth League in Finland is not a member of the Y. C. I., but the comrades of that league work in the path of the Y. C. I. in the struggle against capitalism. After this police outrage we believe that the Youth League will be prepared to join the Y. C. I.

START WORKERS' BOOK SHOP.

BOSTON, Mass.—A drive is under way here to establish a workers' shop. For the last ten days the drive netted an average of \$10 per day. This shows that party and league literature agents are on the job.

OUR FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The national office has a total outstanding debt of \$8,147.45. Unless a substantial part of this debt is soon collected, both the Young Worker and the Young Comrade will have to suspend publication and our activities at the center will have to be lessened considerably.

We have said this before. Our comrades did not heed. And the result was that we had to turn the weekly into a bi-weekly and then make an other retreat from eight to ten point type, thereby cutting the number of issues in half and then the size of the paper in half, giving us a quarter of the paper we should have.

This will prove disastrous and must be corrected. The national executive committee appeals to all units of the league to again begin the campaign to give our press and organization greater financial security. We do not want contributions essentially, tho these are welcome but we do want that you find ways and means of paying your debts.

We cannot at this crucial moment have you go thru the regular routine of sending it to the district office and then having them forward it to the N. E. C. We must ask that you raise it immediately and send it directly to the center. The district office will be credited accordingly. It is important that you raise the full amount of the debt you owe.

"Trade Unions are the reservoir of the majority of the socially conscious part of the proletariat."—C. L. Thrall.



The Damned Agitator and other stories

A splendid booklet of stories that every worker will enjoy—and exactly the kind to give to your shopmate.

By
Michael Gold
Ten Cents

STEEL WORKERS SEND FUNDS TO PASSAIC STRIKE

Ignore Sneering Remarks
by Labor Faker

By a Worker Correspondent
NILES, O., March 18—The depths to which the reactionary officialdom of the trade union can sink is well illustrated in the action of Secretary Donnelly of the Ohio State Federation of Labor, at the joint mass meeting of the Niles lodges of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel and Tin workers at which he was one of the speakers.

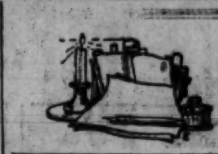
The consent of the committee, in charge had been secured to take up a collection for the benefit of the Passaic strikers. The committee consisting of Helen Panin, Mary Fraidin, and Mrs. Berger were in the audience and Helen Panin was on the platform making the appeal for the striking textile workers, when Donnelly interrupted by asking, "Take a collection for whom? Bill Foster?"

The girl on the platform rebuked the cheap labor skate by announcing "that the collection was not for the committee, but for the men, women and children who were battling against a reduction of their wages below the starvation line" and she appealed to her hearers "to give the money to the collectors who will turn the money over to the committee in charge of the meeting, and have them send it by telegraph, to Passaic."

To the credit of the workers present they responded in a splendid manner and the girls were able to collect \$81.21, which the committee immediately sent to the strike committee by registered letter.

Donnelly all thru his speech had insisted that the salvation of the workers lay in the trade unions, and not on "dramatics," and he used the Passaic strike as an illustration of the "dramatics." He had nothing to say about the A. F. of L. granting a dual charter to a fake labor assembly in Warren as opposed to Niles on the insistence of a detective in the employ of the Manufacturers Association. This detective is now running a fake labor employment office and flooding Warren with workers. Nor did he by one word place the dangerous condition of the textile strikers and their need of help before his hearers. He sneered at the Communists, but was too cowardly to name them in his speech.

Don't waste your breath, put it on paper.



Worker Correspondence

1000 WORKER CORRESPONDENTS BY JANUARY 13 1927

FIRST PRIZE WINNER.

NEW YORK WORKERS RESPOND READILY TO PASSAIC STRIKERS

By HANNAH L. SIGEL,
Worker Correspondent.

NEW YORK, March 18—"You had better be careful, comrade," warned the textile strikers' relief committee when I asked for a chance to aid the Passaic textile workers by collecting funds for their relief during tag days held in New York. "The police are interfering and have arrested many volunteers who went out to collect for the strikers, on the pretext that no permit was issued for this tag day." I smiled, took my box, streamer and credential and went out.

The sun was shining brightly, the day was very cold. Everyone seemed to be in a greater hurry than usual. Huddled up in their great overcoats, they rushed by. It was only those who were in sympathy with the strike who stopped, dug into their pockets—under a couple of layers of coats—and gave what they could. I decided to try the trains. In the subways, and elevated the people sat leisurely and responded more readily to an appeal.

Conductor Plays Company Tool.
On one crowded train I was reaping quite a harvest. Every direction I turned I was meeting with a ready response. Suddenly a conductor came rushing in from the next car.

"You must stop this!" he yelled, purple with rage. I looked at him and calmly asked, "Why?"

"It's against the rules! Don't you know you people must get a permit from the superintendent of the road before you can collect on trains?"

"But your superintendent! Don't you see how eager the people are to help the striking textile workers? Why should you interfere?"

"But it will cost me my job if they find out! If you are in trouble, you don't have to get anybody else in!"

He was a large man physically, but mentally he seemed an infant. I followed him out to the platform.

Union Must Help Strikers.
"Did your union do anything to help this strike?" I asked.

"Of course not!" he blustered out. "We have our own troubles!"

"Perhaps if you tried helping your fellow-workers a little more you would have fewer troubles of your own," I ventured.

"Help!" he almost screamed. "Why, when we were on strike no one helped us, and many of the textile workers scabbed on us! Help nothing!"

He seemed furious. I could see very plainly that there must have been a great deal of propaganda circulated among the conductors and guards of the trains in order to poison their minds against the textile strikers and get them to co-operate with the road owners in preventing tag day collections for the textile strikers on the trains.

I went off at the next station and tried other trains with more success. There were a few other conductors of the same type, but there were a great many who pretended not to see and even helped me in opening the doors in going from car to car on the rushing trains.

Guard Aids Collector.
"Listen, lady, you'd better go down below at the entrance and do your collecting, because this platform is just swarming with road detectives and they will turn you over to a cop!"

I turned and looked up into the kindly face of a train guard. In his eyes there was a world of sympathy for the cause of the strikers.

"The police will interfere down below," I told him.

His face clouded somewhat. Just then a train rushed into the station.

"Well, then, get on this train. See, it's quite full and you can get a lot there. If you get more than you can carry let me know, and I will come and help."

The genial warmth of his voice was like a bright ray of sunshine and heartened me wonderfully.

Workers Sympathize With Strikers.
"Easy to see that the people are in sympathy with the strikers," said a member of the relief committee as he spilled the contents of my box out on the table. "Never before did I find so many quarters, half dollars and even dollars in collection boxes!"

That is true. I have gone collecting before, but never did people give so eagerly and were even thankful for the opportunity to help.

THE "AMERICAN WORKER CORRESPONDENT" WILL BE OUT ON APRIL 1ST

The first issue of the American Correspondent will be out on April 1. After that it will come out regularly on the first of each month.

Every worker correspondent will want to see it. It will contain just the kind of articles that he has been wanting to help him in his work of writing for our press.

There will be articles telling just what kind of news to send in. There will be articles telling how to go after such news. There will be manuscripts by worker correspondents in the rough, and the corrected copy right beside it, with the reasons for the changes made so that any worker will learn by that worker correspondent's mistakes.

There will be articles about worker correspondents and their activities in other countries. There will be short snappy lessons to help worker correspondents.

Just the kind of magazine every worker correspondent has wished for—now it has arrived! O, rather, it is on its way. April 1st it will be here.

But one feature of this magazine we have left for the last. It will cost some money to get it out. Not for salaried writers—all work is volunteered—but for paper and postage, etc.

But what worker correspondent will mind the small sum of 50 cents a year for a subscription to such a valuable little paper? In fact many have sent in \$1.50 to go for a standing fund to get the magazine started.

Get on the honor roll. You can afford that little sum, too, if these worker correspondents, some of them living on very small wages, have made the sacrifice of sending one dollar.

Get excited about the magazine, too! Pin one dollar to this article and send it back to us, Editor American Worker Correspondent, 1113 West Washington Blvd. Start the ball rolling!

Worker correspondents, your slogan: WRITE AS YOU FIGHT!

THE WINNERS

THE winner of the first prize this week, a cartoon framed, is Hannah L. Sigel, who wrote about collecting funds for the Passaic strikers on a tag day. Her experiences are very interestingly told in the article, "New York Workers Respond Readily to Passaic Strikers" which appears on this page.

The winner of the second prize, "Social Forces in American History," by A. M. Simons, goes to a leather goods worker in Los Angeles, Calif., who in his article, "Brutal Speed Up System Used in California Fancy Leather Goods Company of Los Angeles," depicts the tragic helplessness of the unorganized worker.

The winner of the third prize, "Lincoln, Labor and Slavery," by Herman Schlueter, goes to a New York Millinery Worker who writes about the new conditions in the millinery shops since the girls have organized and should be an inspiration to the Chicago millinery workers in their present organization drive.

All three articles appear on this page.

Next Week's Prizes

The prizes offered for this week's best Worker Correspondents' articles will be somewhat different from those previous.

First Prize: A six month's sub to THE DAILY WORKER which may be added on to the winner's subscription if he is a subscriber.

Second Prize: The choice of any \$2.00 book from the Books for Workers' catalogue which will be sent to the winner as soon as he is awarded the prize, and the book will be mailed to him immediately upon receipt of his choice.

Third Prize: Education in Soviet Russia, by Scott Nearing.

Write as You Fight!

Send in your contributions. Many are coming in but we should get more. We want a full page of Worker Correspondence EVERY DAY, not only on Friday. Write about the shop, factory and job. Go out and interview other workers. Talk to them wherever you meet them always with the thought in mind of getting a story for the Worker Correspondent's page. Get the facts and send them in. Everybody likes to read the Worker Correspondents' page because it is written by workers for workers. If you enjoy reading it, then write for it, too. THE DAILY WORKER CANNOT HAVE TOO MANY WORKER CORRESPONDENTS!

N. Y. Police Line Up with Textile Bosses to Kill Strikers' Tag Day

By MICHAEL CHATSKY
(Worker Correspondent)

NEW YORK, March 18—New York City had a tag day for the benefit of the Passaic strikers. The strikers were arranged in groups with one New Yorker as a guide and they were sent into the needle trade section during the lunch hour.

I was in a group of thirty assigned to Seventh Ave. from 24th St. to 40th St. When everyone was in his assigned place I made the rounds to encourage the collectors. To my astonishment I could not find a single collector. I learned later that the police had chased them away.

With the remaining few in the neighborhood, I started back for the headquarters. We were stopped on the street by a policeman and taken to the police station for no reason whatever other than being Passaic strikers. At the police station they shoved us into iron cages, five to a cage.

After a while they brought us into the presence of his honor, Judge Goodman, who told us, without being asked, that he was born in New York, and that he cared very much about the order that was kept in the city, and that he would not permit any disorder at any time. Our attorney, J. Brodsky, informed the judge that there had been no disorder at any time. After a period the judge granted a suspension of sentence. The purpose of the whole performance having been of course to kill the tag day.

It may be difficult to believe but this is a true story of what actually happened—no, not under the czar, not in Bulgaria, not in Italy; but right here, in the United States of America, the so-called land of the free.



At the meeting of the Chicago Novy Mir worker correspondents, held last Wednesday night, 8 subscriptions for the American Worker Correspondent were taken up and it was decided to arrange a special affair for the benefit of the American Worker Correspondent in the near future.

Number six of Prolet-Tribune, the Russian living newspaper published by the worker correspondents of the Novy Mir will be out this Saturday, March 20, at the Workers' House, 1902 W. Division St.

Beginning at 8 p. m. Admission 25 cents.

This living newspaper is appearing regularly now for the past six months. Many new worker correspondents joined the original group who started the venture.

The contents usually is as good, or even better than many a Russian paper or magazine published in the United States. Not only workers, but even intellectuals are attending each issue of the paper. Even its enemies admit that it is a power.

SEND IN A SUB.

CROOKED LABOR OFFICIAL GIVEN GATE BY MINERS

Progressives Win Fight
to Keep Him Out

By a Worker Correspondent

SPRINGFIELD, March 18.—Dominick Teneski, a notorious embezzler of miners' union funds, and henchman of Frank Farrington, has been refused admittance into the Miners' Union by Local Union No. 494, by a vote of 73 to 1. The reactionary officials of the district union warned the local union that they must accept this henchman of theirs, but the local union showed by its vote that it is out to get rid of its crooks and labor fakers.

Teneski is the gentleman who stole \$1,400 from the union for burying members who are still living. The district union has a death benefit whereby it pays \$250 for burial to the dead member. Teneski was financial secretary of a local union and he would forge a death certificate and with the aid of the district officials would collect the death benefit. He was exposed by his local union and expelled from the Miners' Union for 99 years. For embezzlement of the local union funds Teneski was convicted to 10 years in a state penitentiary.

After a few months in the penitentiary, the wheels of Farrington's corrupt machine began to move, and Teneski was pardoned by Gov. Small. Then Teneski was employed at the Capitol Mine by Supt. Smith upon the recommendation of A. D. Lewis, state appointee of Gov. Small and brother of John L. Lewis, the president of the International Union.

It is thru this same A. D. Lewis, the director of the state department of mines and minerals, that eight members of Farrington's district executive board and three of Farrington's sub-district officials, received their state certificates for first class mine managers. Evidently, these labor fakers are beginning to realize that the progressive miners are determined in their work of cleaning out the corruption and so these labor fakers are preparing themselves to serve the coal operators.

Passaic Weavers Are Thru with Boss-Ruled, Company-Owned Union

By A. Weaver
(Worker Correspondent)

PASSAIC, N. J., March 18.—Forstmann & Huffmann is supposed to have a union for the workers. This union is composed of bosses, a foreman and a few workers.

The workers are there as ornaments. They are afraid to open their mouths because the foreman and boss are standing there taking note of all that is being said, and ready to pick on them.

When the United Front Committee of Textile Workers sent in their demands for the forty-four hour week and a ten per cent increase they tore these demands to pieces. And these are supposed to represent the workers.

The bosses wondered why Forstmann & Huffmann employees came out on strike. But we workers know. Fellow workers, stick together and we will have a workers' union not a bosses' union.

Gera Mill Employes Grippe Each Other in Fight for Bread

By a Worker Correspondent.

PASSAIC, N. J., March 18.—I am employed as a spooler in Gera Mills, and the conditions in our department aren't fit for human beings. There are about sixty girls and sometimes we have to wait three and four hours for bobbins, sometimes all day, and we don't get one cent for the time we lose. When they do bring us bobbins there are only enough to supply about 12 girls. So a scramble starts, the sixty girls all on top of one another fighting to see who can get her bucket filled first.

Everglases broken, bleeding noses, scratched arms and faces, and this is what they call efficiency.

DETROIT STREET CAR EMPLOYEES MUST DANCE AND PAY FOR IT TOO

By W. BURCK
(Worker Correspondent)

DETROIT, Mich., March 18.—A new way of doping the workers has been inaugurated by the officials of the Detroit Street Railway, which is municipally owned.

This new class collaboration scheme is in the form of dance socials given under the direction of the superintendent of personnel.

The expense of these affairs, which are given in rented halls, is borne by the conductors and motormen thru a collection at the various car barns. The men are checked off as they donate. Those who do not contribute are called into the superintendent's office the next day, and asked if they would like to donate to the dance fund.

In such a situation the men have no alternative. It is either a case of donate or have yourself put on the black list by the superintendent, to be persecuted in the future.

Some of the bosses attend these dances to create an impression that they are interested in the workers' welfare. But the men are beginning to see thru this class collaboration scheme, and the last few dance socials were poorly attended.

Young Textile Workers Will Give Fat Barons a Fight to a Finish

By A. Passaic Striker
(Worker Correspondent)

PASSAIC, N. J., March 18.—In the early days when slaves existed they were forced to work from 12 to 18 hours a day. These conditions still exist in the textile mills of Passaic and vicinity.

We are not going to be driven about the mills by the textile barons like a herd of sheep. They have blinded us enough. We are not going to stand for that slave driving business. Now we are on strike and we are going to show the rest of the textile industry and labor organizations that we are going to fight these textile barons till we win.

TEXTILE WORKERS! BECOME DAILY WORKER CORRESPONDENTS

TEN THOUSAND extra copies of this Special Textile Strike edition will be circulated in the big textile centers of the country. Most of these will be distributed among the Passaic strikers.

Thousands of textile workers will therefore read THE DAILY WORKER for the first time. They will get acquainted with our Workers Correspondent's department. They will learn what a fighting working class daily newspaper is like. THE DAILY WORKER extends an earnest invitation to all those workers to join our growing army of worker correspondents.

Hundreds of textile workers should become Worker Correspondents, like other hundreds of workers who write for THE DAILY WORKER.

Perhaps you do not think you can write. But other workers have that like you and have learned differently since they have started to write for THE DAILY WORKER.

Writing is a habit. Get it. Every worker must cultivate it. Once you have acquired it you will want to tell about everything that happens to you to other workers. Send all contributions to Workers Correspondence Editor, DAILY WORKER, 1113 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

BRUTAL SPEED-UP SYSTEM USED IN CALIFORNIA FANCY LEATHER GOODS COMPANY OF LOS ANGELES

LOS ANGELES, Calif., March 18—"Hurry up! Hurry up! Don't kill yourself, but make it snappy." Whenever I arrive in the California Fancy Leather Goods company I am always reminded of the words of the famous "speed-up" plant, Sears and Roebuck of Chicago. The only difference is that in the Sears Roebuck plant, they hired special men to bother these words all day long, and here the boss himself, who is also the foreman, does this dirty work.

My First Impressions.
The very first day I felt the results of that speed-up system. As a new worker in that factory and in that line of work, I was put to work beside a boy who had worked there a long time and received a few pennies more, for which he had to work like a horse. I certainly could not work as fast as that boy, and I couldn't keep him going. The boss came every minute and yelled, "Look here, he is waiting for you. Can't you make it a little snappier!" The result was that, when I came home at night, I was so tired I couldn't move any part of my body.

Not Allowed to Say a Word.
When you talk to one of the workers even if only about the job, the boss immediately appears and shouts "This is not a talking shop. Don't talk now. You'll talk at lunch time!"

Spies in the Wash Rooms.
You are not allowed to go to the wash room only twice a day, and only for two or three minutes. Even in the wash room the boss or his spies come and try to speed the speed-up system. When necessity compels a worker to remain there a few minutes longer, the boss yells, "What the hell are you going to stay there all day?"

Once a woman came into the factory and asked to see her daughter. This brute of a boss started to holler at the poor old woman. "Don't bother us now. You'll see her after five o'clock, and then you'll talk to her, as much as you please," and he chased her out and shut the door in her face.

Miserable Wages.
For all these brutal conditions, the young boys and girls that work there, get as little as ten and twelve dollars a week. The highest wages are fifteen dollars a week and only to those who work there over one year.

Necessity of Organization.
Comrades! Fellow workers! Old and young! Boys and girls! Do you know why the boss is so brutal to us? Do you know why we all work for such miserable wages and live under such terrible conditions? Because we are isolated from each other. Because we are unorganized. Let us not spy on ourselves, but stand together. Let us organize into one solid unit just like one body. Then we will not only shut up the foul mouth of our brutal boss, but we will also win higher wages and better conditions. In unity there is strength!

Notes to Contributors.

Every day our mail contains letters with pictures that have appeared in other newspapers which would be suitable for reproduction in THE DAILY WORKER. We are very glad indeed to receive these clippings and suggestions but we wish to inform our worker correspondents that it is impossible for us to reproduce these. We can only print pictures from original photographs.

10 Cents
12 copies for one dollar.

THE DAILY WORKER PUB. CO.
1113 W. Washington Blvd.
Chicago, Ill.

THIRD PRIZE WINNER.

ORGANIZED SIX WEEKS AND MILLINERY WORKERS SET THEIR OWN PRICES

By a Worker Correspondent

NEW YORK, March 18.—It is now six weeks since the girls in the R. H. Meyers millinery shop of New York have been organized, and have affiliated with the millinery workers' union. Price committees are still new to the boss and he feels uncomfortable. Every Monday evening he finds himself battling with union members over the price of a dozen hats.

Several times our wages have been delayed because the price committee and the boss have been unable to reach an agreement. The organizer of our union had to be called in before we could receive our wages. Often the members of the price committee have thrown up their hands in despair and have vowed never again to waste an evening haggling with the boss over prices, but they have persevered for the sake of their fellow-workers.

The other day our forelady failed to divide the work equally among the girls. One of the girls protested, and the shop was full of excitement. The boss came running in like a wild man shouting: "What is this rumpus all about! I don't want girls here who raise a rumpus. Any girl that will do it again will be fired." But we all looked at him and smiled, knowing how useless his threats were since we have joined the union.

Spread "OUR DAILY"
By a Worker Correspondent
NEW YORK, March 18.—I am very much interested in the Worker Correspondence page in THE DAILY WORKER and because I like it I spread our paper so that many more workers may see it.

Usually I buy my paper every evening and read it very carefully. Traveling to the shop on the train the next morning I take it along and display it. Some of the people in the train give me a scared look while others appear curious. When I leave I drop my paper on the seat and invariably someone picks it up.

We all should try to spread our paper and always leave a copy on the train and in restaurants and wherever workers congregate.

"The pen is mightier than the sword," provided you know how to use it. Come define and learn how in the worker correspondent's classes.

Textile Mills Employ Superintendent to Spy on Girl's Lavatory

By A. Passaic Striker
(Worker Correspondent)

PASSAIC, N. J., March 18.—The working conditions in the New Jersey spinning mill is something awful. The ladies' room is not fit for animals, but it is honored with a toilet superintendent.

We can not go into the ladies' room without someone spying on us, and if you want to know that spy is I will tell you that it is the night superintendent. We can't go into the toilet without his coming in there, and snooping around.

The toilet is a filthy place with water on the floor and wool and oil and dirt all over the place.

There are only three side tenders to four sides where there should be four. And yet we get our wages cut. And if sometimes we get good wool so we can stand and look for a little while, that toilet superintendent comes around and stares at us and tells us to keep moving.

We have no lunch hour, but have to eat while we work and cannot even go out for a bit of fresh air, or so much as stand for a moment without that toilet superintendent watching us.

Keep Up the Fight, Says Trade Unionist to Passaic Strikers

By a Worker Correspondent

As a trade unionist who is interested in your cause I have nothing but admiration for the splendid fight you are making.

Don't be fooled by the statement made by Mr. Johnstone. He says he will deal with only bona fide unions. We know how the unions are treated when they really do work in these mills. When their delegates go there, they are guarded all the time they are in the mills. I suppose they are scared they might talk union to you.

These mill owners will employ only non-union men for maintenance work, and any efforts made by unions in the past to get union conditions have been met with the opposition of men like Col. Johnstone. So men and women stand together, it is not you as individuals, nor your organizer the bosses hate, it is your union.

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Published by the DAILY WORKER PUBLISHING CO.
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\$6.00 per year	\$6.00 per year
\$3.50 six months	\$3.50 six months
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J. MOUIS ENGDAHL
WILLIAM F. DUNNE
MORITZ J. LOEB

Entered as second-class mail September 21, 1935, at the post-office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates on application.

Tariff Revision Haunts Passaic Bosses

Altho still confined to the vicinity of Passaic the strike in the textile industry has already grown to national proportions. The visit to Washington of the delegation of strikers and their sympathizers has set on foot a movement that bids fair to culminate in a sweeping investigation of the whole industry. Before the adoption of the Fordney-McCumber tariff law the bestial conditions in this industry were known and were everywhere considered a national disgrace. Every capitalist country in the world has varied industries in which there are wide disparities in the standard of living. There is usually, however, a level below which workers do not sink in the abyss of poverty and misery. But in the whole textile industry, with a few pronounced local exceptions, the standard of living of the workers is far below that of workers in all other industries.

Whole families are chained to the dismal mills long hours and at night they live in hovels that their masters would not shelter their dogs in. Their bodies are so exhausted that they cannot enjoy even that healthful sleep that is experienced by the lowest of the beasts of burden. Like the workers of the mill towns of England at the time Frederick Engels wrote of their condition in 1844, they cannot sleep—they simply fall into a stupor from which they arouse themselves to slave another day.

The republican politicians who backed the high tariff policy recited the condition of the mill workers and declared that a high protective tariff would enable the workers to raise their standard of living. As revolutionists and Marxians we pointed to the fact that such a tariff would only enable the employers to pile up still greater profits by shutting out European competition; that the workers would be forced to pay higher prices for their clothing and that it would force the poor farmers to pay more for manufactured articles. In fact we proved that it would benefit only the textile magnates. Every prediction we made has been vindicated by history. Instead of raising the pay of the textile workers, wage cuts have been the order of the day ever since the law was enacted. Greater profits have been piled up to enable the employers to grow richer and at the same time set aside a greater amount to hire armies of spies and "efficiency" experts to devise new methods of terror and agonizing toil in order to squeeze the last bit of vitality from the bodies of the workers. Instead of consuming the energy of the workers over a period of thirty years, the average textile worker is a wreck at the end of fifteen years' servitude.

In the investigation that is being insistently demanded by every person familiar with the facts who is not directly connected with the textile industry the real fraud of the tariff will come out.

Of course, we, as revolutionists, know that the removal of the high tariff will not raise the wages of the workers in the textile industry, but the facts brot to light during such an investigation will focus the attention of the advanced section of the labor movement upon the necessity for organizing that industry and forcing the employers to disgorge some of the surplus that they plunder from the workers in the most frightful exploitation known in this country.

Workers in the textile industry will learn in the strife of the industrial battle the necessity for effective industrial organization. This agitation for an investigation of the whole industry ought to be accompanied by an intensive drive to bring all the workers into a union embracing the whole industry. Any local textile union that stands in the way of such an organization of the industry is playing the game of the bosses and the workers should repudiate any such union that does not wholeheartedly get behind a drive to consolidate the power of the workers into an industrial union. The struggle has also developed distinct political characteristics that any worker can understand, which emphasizes the necessity for independent political action on the part of the working class against all parties of capitalism. So, on the order of the day in the textile industry are two demands that the Communists constantly emphasize—amalgamation of the various crafts and localized unions into industrial unions and a labor party.

Tammany Arrests Passaic Strikers

Thirty-three Passaic strikers were arrested in New York City last week for endeavoring to conduct a tag day drive for strike relief. The police arrested them on orders from the office of Bird S. (B. S.) Coler, commissioner of public welfare, who insisted that no tag days could be held without his consent. Coler is a part of the Tammany Hall machine, that superlative organization for extortion that enables it to survive as the best organized group of political grafters in the country.

Even collections for charitable institutions have been brot into the sphere of plunder. Special permits are granted by the Tammany machine for "tag days" and those favored institutions must "see" the proper Tammany connection and pay him his graft in order to secure the permit. This small, but essential, preliminary was overlooked by the strikers, hence Coler, of Tammany Hall, at the head of which is Al Smith, supported by most of the labor fakers in New York, ordered striking girls thrown in jail because they didn't kick in with the graft. Again we have a concrete example of the folly of supporting "friends" of labor because the labor officials who devote their lives to selling out the working class endorse such candidates.

Hereafter if labor tries to conduct tag days they will have to recognize the fact that Tammany has all privileges for sale; even the whole city if it can get enough pelf for it. One must bribe officials to get permits for tag days, to erect a building, for chauffeurs' licenses, auto-drivers' licenses, to operate a fire-trap tenement, conduct unsanitary restaurants, operate vermin-infested rooming houses or filthy food stores. In fact everything is reduced to plain and fancy graft. To do anything in New York City one must pay tribute to the Tammany slush fund and help support its army of ward heelers whose allegiance to the machine is based upon their privileged positions as grafters and petty thieves.

Labor in New York, as well as in other places, will be able to conduct its struggles uninterrupted by official despotism whenever it creates its own political party and supports it and not before.

National Politics and "Friendly" Newspapers in Passaic Strike

By H. M. WICKS.

MANY workers who are taught by Communists to look upon the entire capitalist press, without exception, as the bitter enemy of the working class are prone to consider our position refuted by the attitude of certain New York newspapers toward the Passaic strike. Day after day the Hearst papers, and the News, which is published by the Chicago Tribune concern, and the Graphic, the so-called "independent" organ of Bernard MacFadden, the physical culture capitalist, appear with screeching headlines exposing in spectacular detail every assault by the police against the strikers. Surely this appears to be a reversal of the familiar role of the reptile press.

The Marxian, using the method of historical materialism, cannot look upon the conflicts engendered within even so small a section of a nation as that embracing Passaic without considering all the currents of present day society in their ebb and flow. Not infrequently an upheaval in one part of a nation, or in one small city of a nation, has far-reaching effects. It is not by any means a mere accident that a portion of the capitalist press in New York plays up the news of the strike in Passaic. Furthermore it is not due to any peculiarities of the struggle that distinguish it from other strikes. The attitude of this portion of the New York press has national political significance and is intimately connected with the coming congressional campaigns.

Exposes Tariff Fake.

THE notorious Fordney-McCumber tariff bill passed by the Harding administration was heralded as the savior of the workers in the woolen mills of the nation. The principal beneficiaries of this tariff were the magnates of the woolen trust of the nation. The Passaic strike has far-reaching national political significance for the reason that it dramatizes before the whole nation the fraud of the republican claims, that the tariff would aid labor.

When those workers, who were promised that the grievance that led to the great textile strike that involved 200,000 workers in the strike wave of 1922 would never recur under the blessings of the new tariff law, go out on strike because more than 90 per cent of them are unable to earn what passed for the shabbiest sort of living wage, the opponents of the re-

publican party have powerful political ammunition in their hands.

Add to this situation in the woolen mills the agricultural crisis in the middle west and the south and the democrats have the objective conditions at hand for a campaign that will, from the beginning, keep the republican senators and congressmen, seeking re-election on the republican program, on the defensive.

Why the Papers Howl.

THE fact that the strike hits the woolen industry, added to the fact that this is the year in which congressional elections are to be held, furnishes the incentive for William Randolph Hearst and his democratic party papers to give the utmost publicity to the strike in order to discredit the republican tariff. Then the News, the tabloid paper published by the Chicago Tribune outfit, which speaks for the middle west capitalist gang, altho favoring the principle of the high protective tariff, enters the ranks of the papers exposing the manner in which the tariff operates to favor certain sections of the capitalist class instead of all of them. This is good campaign material for the supporters of Borah and the other irreconcilables in the republican party.

As to Bernard MacFadden and his "independent" Graphic, his motive is to extend the influence of his publishing concern which tries to secure a monopoly on the cheap, sensational literature that was formerly disseminated by many publishing houses.

Conflicts Aid Workers.

SO, we see that it is quite possible for the capitalist press, under certain conditions, to appear to defend the interests of a certain section of the working class, while in reality playing their own particular political game.

The democratic party is the party of the House of Morgan and the steady penetration of American bank capital into Europe, where it is used to rehabilitate European industries makes necessary the lifting of the tariff barriers in order that these European products may find buyers in the American market. Even the republican party which was responsible for the tariff, and which also serves the House of Morgan is not averse to a modification of the tariff on imports, but its leaders from Massachusetts, such as Senator William H. Butler, do not want the tariff to be lowered. This the democrats know, so it is to their political advantage to concentrate on the woolen tariff.

It is because of the conflict between

"Don Your Gas Masks!"



"Don your gas masks! The police are hurling tear gas!" has become a familiar shout on the Passaic textile strikers' picket lines. When the police asked for an appropriation to purchase tear gas bombs and learn how to use them, they shouted that these bombs be used against criminals only. Militant workers pointed out that these bombs would be used not so much against gangsters, gunmen, and their ilk as against striking workers. Today the Passaic workers see the police using tear gas against them and those who were overseas find that when they have returned from the "war for democracy" they must still use their steel helmets and gas masks to protect themselves from the upholders of "democracy" when they fight to better their condition.

two sections of the capitalist class that certain papers publish favorable reports about the present strike.

The workers, however, do not resent such reports. On the contrary intelligent workers welcome such publicity as it aids in calling nation-wide attention to their struggles and helps pave the way for intensive organizational drives throughout the whole industry. In such cases the conflicts be-

offered its services as mediator in the strike; the Hearst paper, the Mirror, called upon the Tammany Hall democratic governor of the state to send in the militia as a pretext for suppressing the violence on the part of the police. All this was good capitalist party politics as the new governor of New Jersey, A. Harry Moore, is one of the pets of the old guard in the democratic party and hopes to go to the senate from the governor's chair. He can play his own political game and at the same time pose as a friend of labor.

Nothing would be more disastrous than the calling out of the militia, as the state executive would soon step in and force the workers to yield while some sort of spurious agreement were put into effect thru negotiations conducted to the disadvantage of the workers and which would leave them without a union and defenseless before the employers. There would be no press but the workers' papers to defend them against the governor of New Jersey. The textile strikers, in the process of the struggle must come to learn that only the revolutionary working class press defends their interests at all times.

Other papers defend certain interests of the capitalist class and, in the last analysis, they are all enemies of the workers. So long as the struggles of the workers can be used to further their sectional political aims so long do they print favorable reports regarding workers' struggles, but when workers go on strike in industries which these papers must protect they change their tune and join in the general anvil chorus against us.

Of all the daily newspapers covering the strike, THE DAILY WORKER is the only one in the English language that can be relied upon to at all times defend the working class. We have no interests except those of the working class as a whole, while the other publications, no matter how favorable they may appear today, will be forced tomorrow to stab the workers in the back.

And in the Passaic strike the only branch of the labor press that has played any role whatever is the Communist press, both English and foreign-language.

Hence when the strike is over the workers who fought in the ranks ought to remember that the one branch of the press that consistently and persistently upheld their cause and that is to always be found in the front of the fray is that conducted by the vanguard of the working class of the whole world—the Communists.

The Passaic Strike a Lesson in Solidarity

By BEN GITLOW.

INHUMAN conditions, starvation wages, savage exploitation and wage cuts have caused the revolt of the Passaic textile workers. Over 12,000 of them have quit the mills. The gigantic mills are silent and inactive, mute sentinels to the bitter industrial war that daily goes on around them. This is the eighth week a strike that will go down in history as one of American labor's big important struggles. Thus far every attempt of the mill owners to crush and defeat the workers has failed.

Picket Line Firm. The picket line holds firm in the face of brutal police arrests, mounted cossacks, riot guns and gas bombs. Every day finds thousands of workers on the picket lines. On bitter cold days, in driving snowstorms, poorly clad with torn shoes and just a cup of coffee and a bun for breakfast, you can see men, women and children strikers picketing the mills, shouting and singing with a spirit of determination that cannot be conquered.

The heroic struggle of these abused, underpaid toilers is focusing on them the attention of the entire country. These textile strikers are inspiring and arousing the workers in the United States, particularly the unorganized and especially those working in the textile industry.

The significance of the Passaic textile strike lies in the fact that it is a strike of unorganized workers in an industry that is almost wholly unorganized and employs almost 1,000,000 workers. The Passaic workers are the ones who have challenged the wage-cutting campaign of the textile barons. Every one of the million unorganized textile workers knows this. The abominable conditions that prevail in Passaic prevail in the textile industry generally. Wage cuts have not been confined to Passaic. This fight is, therefore, a fight against the existing state of affairs in the textile industry as a whole. It is a fight that concerns every worker in the industry. Already the strike is spreading. More and more workers are daily being drawn into it. The strike first started in the Botany mills, then it spread to other mills in Passaic and

vicinity. Now it is spreading to the silk dyeing plants of Paterson and vicinity, that employ approximately 10,000 workers.

To Extend Strike. There is every likelihood that if the strike is prolonged that workers from Lawrence, Providence, Philadelphia and other textile centers will be drawn in because the workers in these centers already realize that the struggle of the Passaic strikers is their fight.

The Passaic textile workers are winning the support and sympathy of all the textile workers. The strike is creating that kinship and solidarity among textile workers that will make possible their permanent organization into a mighty textile union.

The strike of the Passaic textile workers is not only a strike against the mediaeval despotism maintained by the mills, but also the beginning of a move to organize all the unorganized workers in the textile industry. The strike is being conducted by the united front committee of textile workers. This organization maintains that the textile workers must be organized into one big, powerful textile

union in order to combat the rich, powerful textile combinations that dominate the industry.

The united front committee of textile workers is the one organization in the textile industry that is desirous and works for the unification of all the existing textile unions into one union. The united front committee is demonstrating in the Passaic strike that not only are the unorganized textile workers prepared to battle against the wage cuts, but that they are ready for organization.

There have been other revolts on the part of the unorganized textile workers, but none of the revolts bear the significance of the Passaic strike. The Passaic strike marks a turning point in the history of textile labor. The post-war period and the restriction on immigration have created favorable conditions for the unification of the textile industry.

The present revolt in Passaic will not terminate like the Lawrence strike and similar occurrences. The Passaic strike will lead definitely to the organization of the textile workers. The united front committee holds out a hand of fellowship to every existing union in the textile

industry. It invites them to join with it in taking advantage of the favorable opportunities that now exist for organizing the industry. The call of the united front committee for united action is the call of the heroic Passaic strikers. Every organized textile worker, every existing textile union should take its stand on this question. Either unity and organization of the workers, or disorganization and the continued state of disorganization. United Organization Drive.

The united front committee and the Passaic strikers call for a united front of all existing textile unions against wage cuts, for the organization of the unorganized, and for the amalgamation of all existing unions into one big union for the entire textile industry. The victory of the Passaic strikers is not only a victory for better working conditions, but is also a victory for the progress of the united front committee. It will be the biggest victory, therefore, for each and every one of the million textile workers in the United States. The Passaic strike, therefore, calls for the fullest support from each and every textile worker in America.

In Spite of Secretary Kellogg

By H. M. WICKS.

THE United States government, like all capitalist states, is the organ and instrument of a minority of society against all the rest of society—the agent and defender of the big bourgeoisie against all other classes in this nation. But it dare not openly stand forth before the whole population as the instrument of the small strata, but withal the most economically powerful, of the capitalist class of the United States. Thru the deception of parliamentarism, the practice of chicanery, fraud and violence, the government of the ruling class retains power from election to election. It is this necessity for concealing its real character as a class government that frequently prevents its immediate response to the changing demands of the class it serves.

As a concrete illustration, take the case of the recognition of the Soviet Union. Under the late Wilson the policy of the government was to refuse to have any dealings with Russia; to endeavor to isolate, starve and eventually to crush the revolution. That policy was realistic for imperialism just so long as it was not apparent to the statesmen of the great powers that the revolution was inevitable, that it could defend and perpetuate itself against the capitalist world because of its own power and the many favorable historical fac-

tors that created great reserve forces of the revolution in every part of the world. But when even the most rabid of the white guard adventurers had to admit that the Bolshevik government possessed incalculable vitality then the imperialist statesmen of most countries dared face the reality of the situation and proceeded to recognize the government of Russia and to endeavor to conduct business with that power.

When that change came about the government of the United States was blessed with the administration of the late Harding, with the eminent baptist layman, Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, as secretary of state. Hughes, adopted, without rhyme or reason, the policy of Woodrow Wilson and proceeded, parrot-like, to repeat all the banalities against recognition of the Soviets, while other countries were more or less openly obtaining access to the inexhaustible supplies of raw materials in Russia and disposing of millions of dollars worth of manufactured products. Meanwhile the American capitalists, who were finding it profitable to trade with Russia, had to devise indirect methods. Then when Hughes stepped out and the present incumbent, Kellogg, came into the office of secretary of state, the blind and stupid policy was continued. The cautious politicians thought this was necessary in view of the fact that the



KELLOGG
Secretary of State in the Coolidge Cabinet.

objections to recognizing the Soviet government were based not upon the economic and political facts in the case, but upon abstract moral grounds. It is indeed a precarious position as it is not easy to explain why at one time the most exalted moral objections are raised and at another time the objections are overlooked. This predicament of the government is due to the fact that it is the most unprincipled, hypocritical government on earth.

Other ruling class statesmen are apt to enut to qualify their denunciatory proclamations. In anticipation of changes that are bound always to take place. They realize that the changing needs of the class they serve makes imperative flexibility in government policy, hence they abjure rigid formulas. But in this country the residue of puritanism now so manifest in and which seems to weigh like an albatross upon the brain of the Coolidge government precludes that flexibility so essential in a rapidly changing world. This, however, is a disease of all parliamentary governments for the simple reason that all of them must rest upon deception of the masses who support them.

This very fact explains one of the basic demands of imperialism for open dictatorship that ride rough-shod over all parliamentary prejudices instilled into the populace thru the years of growth of the present ruling class. Such governments, maintained thru frightfulness, may openly avow themselves the agents of the dominant class and change its policies with impunity, just so long as the workers haven't sufficient power and cohesion to throttle the dictator ship.

The other form of government is of course, the proletarian government, the dictatorship of the overwhelming majority, by consent of and in the

interest of the majority. Governments openly representing the interests of a given class have that flexibility essential to rapidly changing objective conditions and are, hence, in a transition period, the most effective forms of state power.

But, in spite of the inability of governments to respond to demands of the ruling class, other means are found, independently of the government, usually thru some other government, to carry on their affairs. Only recently, according to "Economic Life," published in Moscow, many millions of marks in credits are being established thru German concerns, guaranteed by the German government and by the separate German states. Most of these credits are backed by American capital, the Germans simply acting as agents in the transaction because of the stupid anachronistic policy of the United States government.

So we see that in spite of Mr. Kellogg and his anti-soviet policy, which amounts almost to an obsession, American capital is ready, willing and anxious to do business with the Soviet Union. If Kellogg and others at the head of the government can learn anything from the facts of history they ought to perceive that economic forces will soon blast their absurd stand on the outworn Wilson policy in relation to the Soviet Union.

The New Magazine

Supplement of

THE DAILY WORKER

Robert Minor
Editor

Second Section: This Magazine Section Appears Every Saturday in The DAILY WORKER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1926

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Holding the Fort



Maurice Becker is

Maurice Becker, Celebrated Cartoonist of The DAILY WORKER, Pictures the Picket Line of Passaic as Standing Solid Against the Clubs and Tear Gas Bombs of the Bosses' Police.

Passaic Breaks a New Trail

By Joseph Zack,

Secretary Needle Trades National Committee T. U. E. L.

HARDWORKING, emaciated people, earning \$12 to \$18 a week on the average, working 48 to 54 hours per week; mostly women and children—youngsters of foreign-born workers, working for modern feudal barons, under the most miserable conditions—health wrecking and unsanitary—if such misery and brutal exploitation—if such modern hell on earth in the United States can be put into a few words—this is it.

Plenty of pep, full of fight, husky youngsters, peasant women, not yet deteriorated under misery and exploitation, raw energy and courage demanding outlet, restrained from spending itself foolishly, by organized intelligence and direction.

Powerful, industrial barons, organized nationally and internationally, powerfully entrenched in government, coming in conflict with the petty bourgeoisie of the textile mill towns, who are in favor of the workers getting more wages in order to do more business.

Hesitating city governments, influenced by the petty bourgeoisie, trying to unload the trouble on the state government (militia), bidding for a big price (graft), from the mill owners as a price for sacrificing their cowardly political careers.

Of a million workers in the industry only 50,000 are organized with about half in unions outside of the A. F. of L. The United Textile Workers, the A. F. of L. textile union, is dominated by a treacherous bureaucracy, pitting the skilled against the unskilled. Many strikes here and there, mere flashes in the pan, show desperate rebellions of driven slaves.

The same story repeats itself again and again. The O. B.

U., the I. W. W. or just a group of fakers lead the rebellion, and then it peters out until the next outbreak.

First hesitating city governments, then pressure by the big bourgeoisie, then provocation of the strikers thru brutalities, then state militia and federal government—this is the history of most of the strikes. Big mills—500 to 6,000 workers per mill, producing cotton, silk, woolsens, and allied lines, mostly employing unskilled—real modern capitalist industry, in the process of trustification, not yet fully trustified.

Lessons of the Struggle.

THESE many fruitless struggles did not pass by without the workers gaining their lessons and experiences, as a result of which we have a semi-radical militant mass, which falls in line and keeps discipline almost like an organized army, marches from mill to mill, forming a mass picket line—tramp, tramp, tramp, like regiments, marshalled by sergeants and captains—one word would be enough to lead them into most any duty.

Americanized foreign-born and their American-born youngsters, immigrants, almost all understanding English—no more language barriers—become all one mass. The old game of the boss of pitting nationality against nationality has very little chance in this crowd. Many of Polish, Hungarian, and Italian origin, Catholic, but the influence of the priests upon them as far as interfering in the struggle, counts for very little; they all have had their lessons from former struggles. Many soldiers

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PASSAIC BREAKS A NEW TRAIL.

(Continued from page one)

that learned their lesson of organization, value of discipline, acting as captains, guards and organizers of their own struggle.

THE old days of haphazard, helter-skelter, anybody-that-happened-to-be around leadership is gone, the mass of workers have an idea thru their experience of what they want.

The Russian revolution had its effect, and contributed in a crude way to their education, Communist inspired leadership which knows where to go and how to get there, hooked up with the left wing in the American labor movement injects itself as a new powerful factor into the situation.

There is system and method to the struggle, action, relief, and politics based upon the proper estimation of class relationships, and utilization of all vantage points. True, the new lead-

ership has also plenty to learn, but it knows a lot more than any other, and what it lacks in experience is more than made up for by the effect of correct policy.

The left wing in the needle trades unions, is as yet on the eve of real power; it has not yet established itself. As soon as it does, it will play a big role in organizing this sister industry. The next step in the textile industry is national strike movements, cleverly led and supported.

We can say, however, with all confidence and certainty that the period of futile struggles and despair is on the wane, and that the next step is effective struggle, victory and unification of the workers in the textile industry. There in the textile industry are all the elements that combine to make our movement win its first spurs in the organization of the unorganized, and it is not utopian to say that soon there is the prospect of having one powerful union of all textile workers.



A magnificent drawing in memory of the Paris Commune by Fred Ellis, cartoonist of The DAILY WORKER. During this month of March, fifty-five years ago, the workers of Paris, France, were in the midst of their heroic struggle to hold that city for the first revolutionary Dictatorship of the Proletariat. Today the Dictatorship of the Workers and Peasants of the Soviet Union, following the example of the Paris Commune but avoiding its mistakes, holds one-sixth of the world in its victorious grasp.

The Intimate Papers of Colonel Mouse

"The John D. Sockefeller (Indiana) Whom I Knew"

By Col. A. Little Mouse.

Annotated by JOHN BERNARD.

"YES," said Col. Mouse, "I am very close to the great Sockefeller (Indiana). His church activities? Here is a letter to his preacher. This will give you some idea of his perfect control:

"Rev. Percy Whiteliver,
"Imperial Baptist Church,
"New York City, N. Y.
"Dear Whiteliver:

"I am inclosing herewith sermons and prayers for next Sunday's services. Hope they reach you in time for proper rehearsal.

"Last week we inadvertently inclosed wrong prayers in your envelope; the ones we sent you were intended for one of our Methodist preachers. I was gratified to note that you revised them to conform with proper Baptist standards.

"I do not wish to be too critical, but I noticed that last Sunday's services lacked the usual pep and vim that we are accustomed to. Of course, we cannot permit the enthusiasm to wane. I suggest that you put some extra wallop in the sacramental wine and also employ three or four additional 'ameners.'

"I also noticed that Bro. Placid had his hat in his hand as he went into the ante-room to count the morning offering. Kindly caution him not to let this happen again. We must not put too much strain on the already

overwrought nerves of the good deacons.

"Well, I'll see you Sunday.

"Cordially,

"John D. Sockefeller (Indiana).

"P. S.—For the love of Mike don't wear that weasel look when you preach Sunday. J. D. S. (Indiana)."

"Politics? Read what he says to his friend the senator:

"Hon. Andrew Sharp,

"U. S. Senate,

"Washington, D. C.
"Dear Andy:

"Got your letter today. It seems mighty good to hear from you again.

"Yes, we are immensely pleased with the profit-sharing plan. It is not so many years ago since you first suggested the plan to us. You remember you said you got the idea by watching a jackass following a carrot. The carrot was suspended from the end of a pole. The pole was fastened to the pack on the donkey's back and extended about a foot past his head. This held the carrot always temptingly in front of the nose of the jackass. You will probably recollect that I said at the time, 'If the plan fails it will not be because of a shortage of jackasses.' Well, it put you in the senate didn't it?

"It is truly wonderful how it works. We can reduce wages and actually make the saps like it. They believe it is for their good. Andy, you once said to me: 'Keep the boobs busy with the puzzle of making two ends meet that were never intended to

meet. Talk future reward and your labor problem is solved.' Surely no truer words were ever spoken.

"I note with pleasure that you are to be in New York next Sunday. I insist that you go to church with me on that day.

"God bless you, Andy; I would trust you to the limit.

"Affectionately,

"John D. Sockefeller (Indiana)."

"Cautious? Read his epistle to Judkins:

"Sam Judkins, Custodian,

"Imperial Baptist Church,
"New York City, N. Y.
"Dear Judkins:

"Carefully examine all the solid gold name plates and see that they are all securely riveted to the pews before next Sunday's services. Also see that none of the chains which hold the delux bibles to the back of the seats are defective.

"Perhaps you better station an extra guard in the vestibule to watch that our imported rugs are not disturbed. This is for next Sunday only.

"Respectfully,

"John D. Sockefeller (Indiana)."

"Friendly with labor? Glance over his letter to the great labor leader,

William Attayaboy:

"William Attayaboy,
"Labor Headquarters,
"Washington, D. C.
"Dear William:

"Your letter came in today's mail. Was sorry to learn you are having those frightful dreams and night-

mares again. You say you took my advice and tried to read the bible and it opened up at the story of Judas.

That was rather a strange coincidence, but one thing is sure, it does not apply to you as far as tossing away coins is concerned. Of course, if you hang yourself you will likely pop open in about the same place that Judas did.

"Now don't worry about my not destroying all cancelled checks. You know efficiency is our watchword.

"Now, William, snap out of it. If we stave off the revolution you won't want to kill yourself, and if we don't YOU may not get a chance.

"I am having Whiteliver pray for you.

"Very truly,

"John D. Sockefeller (Indiana)."

"The last letter I have here is an order for his spring flower seeds. This probably will not interest you; read it if you want," concluded Col. Mouse:

"World Seed House,

"Europe.
"Gentlemen:

"In sending the flower seeds for my gardens this spring you may repeat my last order for white ones, double my last year's order for pinks and yellow. Send no reds.

"Truly,

"John D. Sockefeller (Indiana)."

"P. S.—The pinks you sent last year nearly all turned yellow before the season ended; however, this really made them more beautiful.

"J. D. S. (Indiana)."

Art and Marian Talley, a Product of Capitalism

By E. Hugo Qehler.

MARION TALLEY'S operatic debut has been heralded by the bourgeois press of the country in the 100 per cent style. The bourgeois press of Kansas City, Missouri, her home town, has outdone the rest in presenting Marion Talley to the people from an emotional standpoint, praising and presenting her as press supporters can.

This incident is well worth consideration in getting a focus on art in its relation to the economic factors. However, in considering this Marion Talley incident we will not allow effects to dominate causes. The United States having emerged successfully from a long struggle for a dominating position in world economic affairs, desires the same success in the field of fine arts. Master classes of the past were confronted with the same task and the same desires. This country's economic system is of maturity, but her development in the field of art is in its infancy. The nation has reached the point where energy in greater quantities can be released and spent in this field. All parasitic ruling classes in their advanced stage of power can encourage and finance the arts.

Like nations of the past, ruling groups in economic supremacy idle away their time in luxury and debauchery, with art of a distant national character. The imperial United States is floundering into this period when the parasitic class' ego cannot be satisfied unless the arts can be called their own. Marion Talley's career lines up with this awakening national ego of the master class.

A young ruling class within such a social order as the United States first uses its wealth to purchase the masterpieces, the art treasures of other countries, and to import those works of greatest talent. The United States, like all other groups of the past, passes through this stage first. Economically, the United States is increasing the number of nations that fall under its imperialist policy, making them its subject nations. Following these economic subjections, we find the art treasures of the weaker countries being imported in ever increasing numbers by the United States. This, of course, does not take place in the colonial territory, but in the "civilized" countries of Europe that have long been the dominating authorities of art in Occidental civilization. The

talent of Europe has for years been imported by this country, but now the valuable art possessions of European nations are being purchased by our master class in ever-increasing numbers.

This grasping, acquiring success of the Americans has been met with alarm by the Europeans, for they find that their art galleries are being stripped of their valuables. The Americans can afford to pay any price for the desired art objects and collections. Nations of the continent facing financial post-war difficulties succumb to the wealth of America in art as well as in the political field.

The ego of the United States capitalist soon tires of this. Tires of buying the art of the conquered and the subjected. New powers demand new art or at least that which they can call their own. They must have their own art and we have launched a campaign to fulfill these desires. This does not mean the discard of what has been acquired. The capitalists of the United States do, however, desire to stamp their personality upon the future art of the world.

Opera is an excellent field for such purposes, as it enables the imbeciles of the "better class" to mask their ignorance and at the same time it indulges this class' thirst for fine arts.

Of all the branches of art none so much as opera can rouse the art consciousness of the national bourgeoisie, and at the same time draw upon the working class for its support. For example, take the graphic arts (art of drawing, painting, etc.). The results that can be accomplished nationally with Marion Talley as a singer in grand opera could not be accomplished with the art of drawing. In it the public does not come in contact with the personality, with the emotional, that is needed to rouse a world ruling class to consciousness in the field of art. In the art of drawing the emotional factor is lost to a great extent in the studio, but in opera the contact with the people by the individual artist is a concrete factor. This Marion Talley incident is not the first nor will it be the last in this world drama.

If a distinct American basis of art can be found in one branch, the field as a whole gains rapidly. As long as America must "borrow" her art from Europe we will be subject to the art

criticism of the European continent, which is a powerful weapon against the desires of the capitalists of America.

To have prima donnas we should have "capable" art critics who can convince the world that they are right. But in order to have this grade of critics we should have an art basis that can be used as a leaning post for the capitalist art puppets.

Research work by archeologists in the Maya ruins of Central America are followed by our farsighted artist as crows follow a new turned field of an exploited farmer. They expect to find a basis in the Indian civilization of the past. One way or the other the ruling class of this nation must find the way to take its place in art as it has in economics.

The necessity of such is felt at this early stage. The attitude of Europe toward "our" Marion is a manifestation. They do not speak in the same tone that the city which gave her to the world speaks in. A group of "benevolent" Kansas City business men made the career of this talented singer possible by providing the economic end that is lacking in the planning of the millions of wage slaves' children.

London papers and the continent do not view this debut of Marion Talley with what could be termed support. Instinctively they realize the effect that this will have. They seem to see it as a move toward art domination that follows economic conquest.

The London Evening Standard says, regarding Marion Talley's operatic debut that, "some super-organization has been at work with only one hitch in the proceedings—that comparatively cool tone of musical criticism. In this case the shouting seems to have been done too soon."

However, we can say the hitch is not in the "super-organization," as the Evening Standard thinks. We must remember that Marion Talley is but an individual and the forces that moves this "super-organization" are those that brush aside opposition, not even caring for such persons as Marion Talley if the unexpected happens and others must be pushed forward.

Such criticism as London gives us is detrimental to the aspirations of the American capitalists who intend to spread their influence in the field of art. A parasitic class with the gold

that America has can, with time, do what reason should. No doubt they will to a great extent pacify the present and see that "fanatic" critics do not stand in their way of the period of art and luxury that every master class must look forward to.

Marion Talley is but a flash across the space in this drama of art development in this stage of imperialism. It is a rehearsal for the fast changing art conditions that is taking place between bourgeois nations in the shift of economic power.

Ambitions and fulfillments are two different things. America's ambition in art is increasing with the success that imperialism is having in economic and political fields. They still have much to overcome economically, but they have greater obstacles in art. For the transfer of economic control, the redistribution of the earth within a social system has less difficulties than the fulfillment of the art ambitions. And although the desired may not be accomplished, largely due to the growing and threatening power of the proletariat, nevertheless the activity along this line will effect and alter much that is dear to our European bourgeois cousins.

Relatively speaking, the economic change resulting in a shift in the art field is doomed to a short life. The approaching change that the capitalists fear is the change from this order to another which will readjust the arts to the new social system.

The bourgeois art in America has been roused from its infant slumber by the Marion Talley debut.

In art, as in economics, the bourgeois struggle for the dominating position. On the other hand, an art struggle between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat, who at present manifest their expression in semi-proletariat form, is going on.

The art of the proletariat, like that of the bourgeois in this stage, is doomed to a relative short life, for the art of the future cannot correctly be termed the art of the proletariat. With the disappearance of classes, when the state withers away, the bourgeoisie and the proletariat will be no more.

And the art that is budding in the Soviet Union will at that period flower into its own and will be the beginning of the art of Communist society.

The Right of (Other) Women to be Slaves

By Rachel Haltman.

AN industrial conference that took place recently at Washington showed clearly two forces fighting each other. One was supposed to represent organized labor and the other force was of the class of bourgeois women who fill the National Women's Party. On Sunday, January 17, the fight had already begun at the protest meeting held in the Belasco Theater in Washington.

About three o'clock the women gathered for a protest meeting and sent a delegation with banners on which was written:

"We demand equal working hours with men!"

"We are as strong as men to work!"

This delegation went to the president, not as a delegation of working women, but nevertheless as a delegation asking to solve problems for the working women. They were the bourgeois suffragettes, and they could not see that there are any other problems for working women than what they conceive to be the problems of women in general.

In the time of war you could very clearly notice that there are different problems of working women from those of the rest of them. Even the government saw this and decided to urge congress to organize a women's bureau in the United States department of labor. Their aim was to study and to report about everything that has to do with women in indus-

try. This bureau had also to formulate ways and means of improving the condition of the working women and to give her better conditions and higher wages.

Altho the bureau in Washington thinks that it does a lot for working women, nevertheless, in the national conference there were very few working women represented. There were also at the conference all kinds of representatives of industries, doctors, industrial engineers, etc., but working women, whose fate was to be decided at the conferences, were missing.

It is true that a great deal of weight cannot be given to this conference. The most that it can achieve is to exchange information, express opinions and make recommendations. The solution of this problem cannot be expected in such conferences, in spite of all the strenuous work that the government puts in to solve the problem between labor and capital.

For centuries woman has had to suffer at her work more than man. The first time after the industrial revolution, about 200 years ago, when the woman started to take a place in the industry without any knowledge of machinery and any possibility of learning a trade, her life was still more miserable than at present. For generations she labored twelve and fourteen hours a day. But her work was taken very little into consideration by the boss and even by her husband himself. She was always considered an apprentice but not as

one who could do a whole job. She was always a slave to her husband with whom she worked in the factory and at home. Her meager earnings even did not belong to her. They belonged to the man whose private property she was.

Fifty years ago when the rapid development of industry began to acquire more working hands, the women became competitors of men. Nobody, not even the immigrants, nor the Negro, were willing to work for the starvation wages for which the women at that time were willing to work. Her situation was indeed a very bad one.

From one side the man considered her as a competitor and treated her as such. From the other side the capitalist tried to press out as much profit from her as the unskilled worker, keeping her at long hours of work and giving her starvation wages and inhuman working conditions. The state had to see into it to make laws that would give her shorter hours, sanitary conditions, and a living wage.

It is true that the working conditions at the beginning were not such good ones, but at least forty-five states passed laws concerning women's work where hours, and wages were regulated. Ten and nine hours a day and in some states even eight hours a day became a law.

Now the bourgeois women are coming to the front—those women who never took part in social production and who can only boast of having helped spend all the profits that

their husbands got out of the working women. These are the parasites who ask for equal rights for men and women. They say that as soon as women are electors and are political equal with men they must not have any special rights and they are against working laws for women that are not acceptable for men. This means, according to their views, "industrial equality." It is understood that it is an entirely different equality that the working women want.

For instance, there is a law in New York that women work nine hours a day. In order that the law should be equal, the "ladies" ask that the other forty-seven states adopt the same law.

Once women worked ten hours a day, now they are only working nine. Men being better fighters gained thru strikes in some industries an eight-hour day but for the sake of "equality" they called back these laws and the men and women must go back to a ten-hour day.

The important thing is that such a situation is very favorable for the capitalist who is looking for women's work and who was always against any kind of preventive laws for women workers. Now he does not need to fight, he can leave this work to the ladies of the Women's Party. They will directly or indirectly, while contending for equal rights for women, fight for the capitalists enabling them to exploit the working women.

Working women ask no favors of the "Women's Party." They can stop "fighting."

"HANDS!"

By Milford Flood

A Story in Two Parts. PART ONE.

"GET down there and clip those wires, you damned cowards."

"Go to hell! Get a rod and a pinch bar if you want dem wires cut."

"Rusten, what do you mean by this? Are you foreman of this gang, or am I? Damn you, if we wasn't out here a hundred miles from nowhere, I'd fire you this minute. Get down that hole, there, and cut those wires!"

Two or three men edged a few inches toward the cave-in beside the concrete forms. Then, observing no movement on the part of their companions, they turned instinctively to Rusten. German and Jewish, Irish, Russian, and what-not, the group of workmen awaited the word of a Swede.

But, you ask, what kind of a Swede?

Not one of that gigantic breed which officered the windjammers before the era of turbines and oil; nor one of that Norse physique which scatters monstrous logs among the forests of the west and playfully pushes them down the rivers to the screech of the saws.

No. Quite the contrary was Rusten—the underdog.

He was thin in form and feature. His shoulders sloped like a girl's; and he walked as if his head were pulling up his legs—a sliding, shuffling gait—bending his body at a sharp angle at the waist because of an extreme injury to his back. Pale blue eyes looked unblinkingly thru thick shell-rimmed glasses, and a peculiar smile—half derisive, half plaintive—seemed stamped upon his countenance.

The underdog business was not a late phase of the life of Ted Rusten. He had never been a very different sort of canine. As the unwashed, ragged brother of nineteen peasant children, he had been underdog. The tale of why Ted Rusten developed into an underdog and remained such should not be compressed within the limits of a short story. It should be told as are the photo-dramas, with frequent close-ups and many throw-backs. To condense twenty-four years of a man's existence—not life—into some five or six thousand words requires a verbal economy almost amounting to muteness.

At eleven Ted had decided that home was crowded, and ran away to sea. He enjoyed the salt breeze, and the absence of his father and mother. But if you had looked close you would have seen occasionally a double wrinkle between Ted's eyes—a wrinkle that had no business there in adolescence. After an extraordinary round of abuse from some older seaman, a heavy feeling would smother him, a nameless ache would clutch at his breast until his eyes had been washed clear by a night of weeping. People in heathendom may have no word corresponding to "love"; Ted had no way of experiencing the emotion represented by it.

At twenty he had sailed all over the world. Fed upon scrofulous food, bunked in smelly, vermin-infested hammocks, abused by his equals, flogged by his superiors, he had hid his sensibilities in a fog of reckless cynicism. "Well, what the hell now?" was his attitude. Only at infrequent intervals, in the quiet darkness of the night, would a ray of light pierce that mental mist and trace on his weathered face the rudiments of a plaintive smile. Then, as full consciousness returned, he would reflect that in nine years no message had ever come from his people; and the damp fog again would envelop him.

The age at which most men assume the duties of citizenship found Ted in New York with an unshaved neck and with his toes out of his shoes. And at an hour when almost all other young men turned over on comfortable mattresses for another hour of repose and dreams of last night's companion, Ted was hauled by the collar from his park bench and directed to that haven of so many—"Move On." His breakfast paper, so famous in domesticity, he rescued from the gutter; and, alighting the quotations of stocks and bonds, he turned to the joke column—the want ads. There appeared the invitation of the Red Star Company to take a winter cruise to the Philippines, China, and beyond—as a stoker. Now,

to feed coal to a steamer furnace a man must eat; and so, two days later we find Ted dining (in his customary style) on board the "Fire Fly," New York to Australia.

Have you ever taken a long winter cruise? Wasn't it delightful? How unusual, then, that for this young man there was only one interesting sight among the many presented, and that was—the furnace. The traits of Magellan he had seen a dozen times; Honolulu, the same. At Manila he took an extra shift for a sick man; at Shanghai, he fainted with the heat. Singapore, Bombay, Alexandria followed ad nauseam. Not until he was fifty-four hours out of Alexandria on the way to Australia was Ted's interest removed from his torrid inferno.

Sometimes, in the long, long, long ago, a steamship company would insist on sailing a vessel which had been condemned. Ted, with his experience, had observed passively that the "Fire Fly" was another of the traps upon which he occasionally found himself. It was nothing unusual, and soon he had felt as much at home as an Italian beside Vesuvius. But, this morning, the engines went wrong, with a high sea running and the ship carrying water.

"Hm-m-m. What's next on the program?" thought Ted.

Stripped to his waist and bearing on his hip the short revolver which most stokers affected, he squatted on his heels and watched the engineers at their labors. Ship routine had taught him what was now happening in all quarters of the vessel. Sailors were putting up canvas; portly gentlemen and hysterical women were imploring the officers, for the ship was undoubtedly drifting; and men deeper within the vessel were vaguely wondering how they would act if—

Need we picture the events of the next few seconds? They were not especially unusual to Ted Rusten—danger was an old acquaintance. The crash pitched him through the door, lightning feet took him to the tilted deck, and a ninety-foot wave swept him into the sea.

At this juncture in our story you might regard it necessary to delineate the phantasmagoria which fitted thru Ted's mind—the scenes of his childhood, faces of the past, dreams unrealized and goals postponed. But there is small value in anything but the truth, so why depict the untrue? We could imagine that he clutched a broken spar or a floating trunk. He did neither. Neither did he swim, altho he had learned at the age of four when his brothers threw him into a flord. We who are not seamen can only say that Ted allowed his native element—the ocean—to handle him as it wished; and such are the vagaries of fate that this young man who did not especially care whether or not he existed soon found himself riding the top of the wave, with his lungs full of water and his arms full of limp, flaxen-haired mermaid.

You are surprised? Well, so was Ted Rusten. Since our tale has long been devoid of quotation marks, that criterion of the short-story, we should like to translate into words some of Ted's initial sensations—sensations, because, you understand, he was too full of water to express himself in words and too busy with water to concern himself with thought. We are told that a sensation is something which we have never before experienced. Certainly Ted had never before had such experiences, so his impressions may safely be called sensations.

Let us enumerate some of them in chronological order. Sensation number one: holding a young woman in his arms. Sensation number two: being completely responsible for her life. Sensation number three: noticing at close range the entrancing beauty which that young woman possessed.

Now, most sensations result in emotions. That is why a wave of tenderness swept over Ted Rusten, followed by an overwhelming urge to live. Live! Live!!

"God," was his unuttered exclamation.

Fate and the waves aided him. Noon found the stoker and his exhausted charge in a smooth bay a mile or so from a fringe of trees. Three o'clock found Ted on his hands and knees beside some tinder, while the girl lay on the sand watching his experiment with interest.

"Do you think it will work?" she asked, in the Swedish tongue.

"I know—it will work," he replied with a strange dignity, "I always carry these with me, and have used them before."

A faint curl of smoke rose from the tinder. A moment later a fire was crackling, while Ted drew apart the two watch-crystals, spilling the water between them into the sand.

Week followed week; new moons came and went. For the only time in his life Ted's skill at little things seemed to be of use. He built a nest in a tree-top for Hilda. He gathered bananas and plantain fruit—for Hilda. Skins torn from animals by his bare hands, were transformed into sack and skirts for her comfort and protection. And, late one afternoon, his last two shells went unerringly into the brain of a lion to save her life, and his jaws munched snake-root to soothe her painful scratches.

That night Ted reached his zenith of happiness. When he was bathing a jagged wound on her palm, blue eyes looked up at him, and an arm crept across his narrow, powerful shoulders.

"Oh, my dear, my dear. I—I love you—so much."

So, an hour later, Ted lifted his hands toward the friendly stars, breathed deep of the fresh sea breeze, and smiled. Remember—he smiled.

Every evening since they were marooned, he had built a large signal fire on the rocky headland which formed one side of the bay. And as he heaped branches upon the crackling flames, and scanned the darkness for a light upon the ocean a double wrinkle would appear between his eyes, growing more pronounced on each succeeding night. Only after the final armload of fagots was placed on the fire, and the darkness surveyed for the last time, with no ship's light seen—only then would Ted's brows relax; and over his face would steal a pleased expression, like that which he always wore in Hilda's presence.

On this night, the wrinkle became a furrow. Even his muscles seemed to rebel. "Stop! Oh, please!" whispered his right hand as he broke a dry limb from a tree. "Don't! Oh, don't!" moaned both his arms as he rolled a large log into the flames. "Wait! For God's sake! Don't look! Go on back!" implored a voice behind his eyes, as he strained them over the water. "Civilization—it gave you nothing; it will take what you have, your life, which is Hilda. Turn away!" And, altho the darkness was not rifted by any sign of a ship, an irresistible lassitude swept over him, so that his knees trembled, and his body shivered in the fragrant night air. And as he made his way among the rack and trees back to Hilda, his brows remained knit.

So Ted was not surprised, the next morning, when, with his sack of newly-gathered muscles in his hand, he confronted three men on the low, sandy beach at the head of the bay.

"Qu'est-ce que vous etes?" queried the tallest.

Ted shook his head. "Quien es usted?"

Again Ted signified that he did not understand.

"Who are you?" asked the man on the right, before the first speaker could shift to another language.

There was a pronounced difference between the appearance of the young yachtsmen, on the one hand, and of Ted Rusten, on the other. Tall, square-shouldered, almost military in posture and dress, the new arrivals seemed to embody the best in modern physical and mental culture; while Ted in his beard and loin-cloth, bronzed and lithesome, harked back to that dim past when human beings thought less and lived longer.

Ten hours later Hilda was fingering some filmy dresses in the stateroom of the yacht-owner's sister.

"Ah, Hilda, how beautiful you are!" sighed her companion. "One would never believe that you are older than I. If living outside that way would give me your appearance, I would almost rejoice at being ship-wrecked, especially, if there was a man along to take care of me. Who was your good angel, Hilda?"

"Ted Rusten, of New York." Hilda's eyes were eagerly taking in the lace window curtains and brocaded hangings.

"And you were class is he from everything about."

"He said some played on our v travelled." Hilda a beautiful co Nymphs."

"You know, when we get wo dear, your fath score of diplom your house will all our set. A we celebrate!"

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Ted's double "No," slowly "Why, didn't I guess, may "If you had would not have "Perhaps."

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"Oh, I wo win. Hilda's first. By th some of the

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"And you were together five months. What class is he from dear? You surely know everything about him."

"He said something about having been employed on our vessel. He seemed to be widely travelled." Hilda's blue eyes were fastened on a beautiful copy of "The Dance of the Nymphs."

"You know, Hilda, Stockholm will go wild when we get word thru that you are alive. Why, dear, your father will be congratulated by a score of diplomats; and the streets around your house will be lined with the carriages of all our set. And when we get back—oh, won't we celebrate!"

In the owner's room Ted was trying to adjust his feet so as to secure the least discomfort possible. His trousers, shirt, and coat tormented him with their heat; so that he was only prevented from plucking at the most annoying places of his costume by keeping his hands deep in his pockets. That is, until his companion handed him a cigar (which had cost two hours' stokers' wages) and settled back in an easy chair with the attitude of one about to hear the remainder of an interesting story.

"Well! Some adventure, I'll say. Five months, I believe you said. Nice companion, you had, very. Did you know Miss Nordquist before?"

Ted's double wrinkle deepened.

"No," slowly. "Is that her name?"

"Why, didn't she tell you her name?"

"I guess, maybe, she did. I had forgotten it."

"If you had known who her father is, you would not have forgotten."

"Perhaps."

Here was the news Ted had feared so long; so long, in fact, that it did not surprise him, only made him more tired and the mist nearer. Slingerland regarded closely this guest who did not seem anxious to know about the greatness of Hilda's father.

"What part of Sweden do you come from, Mr. Rusten?"

"Sweden? Oh, yes. Why, I—I have not made my home in Sweden since I was a child."

"Oh, Well, that accounts, perhaps, for your not knowing who Mr. Nordquist is. He is reputed to be the wealthiest and most influential man in the country."

"Yes?"

On deck, two cigars glowed where Slingerland's companions of the morning stood engaged in conversation.

"A most unusual coincidence. It is not often that the favorite bean rescues the object of his affections from an uninhabited jungle. The old man had a keen liking for Slingerland before Hilda was lost; now, there is no question as to who will win. You and I, Ecklund, might as well retire in good grace."

The other flicked some cigar ashes into the night.

"I agree that this rescue of Hilda has been most unusual. May not something equally unusual grow out of it? For instance, this Rusten to eliminate Slingerland from the lead. By love, Falk, if I were a young lady in distress, and a man of my age were to help me as Rusten must surely have aided her, I would think a long time before deciding to disregard his attentions. Of course, if Rusten has not offered any attentions, then, as you say, Slingerland has the inside track."

"I had thought somewhat the same. But, on the other hand, Rusten, compared with Slingerland, or even with us, hasn't the physique to command the admiration of Hilda. But, did you notice his dignity?"

"Yes. I wonder what he is."

"So do I. Well, we can hardly discover that until we talk more with him. I say this, though. His dignity is the result of one of two conditions; either he is deficient and wants to hide his short-comings; or he is the genuine article. In either case, Slingerland will have an opponent, if that line between Rusten's eyes means anything."

"We are to send the news from Aden?"

"Yes. Man, that depresses me. When Nordquist gets that message, signed, 'Slingerland,' Hilda will become unattainable to you and me. Perhaps it is jealousy which tempts me to wish Rusten good luck."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. Let the best man win. Hilda's well-being and happiness come first. By the way, Falk, did you know that some of the hands are sick?"

"They are! Which ones?"

"Some of those down below, I understand. First thing we know we'll be down there firing the boilers."

Morning came. Ted dressed; hesitated a moment before opening his stateroom door, in order to still the wild beating of his heart; and strolled into the salon.

"Good morning, Mr. Rusten!" This from Slingerland. "Your hardships have not made you a late sleeper, have they?"

"Good morning, Ted," nodded Hilda, with a smile, as she playfully tried to release her arms from the clasp of Miss Slingerland and another companion.

Ted immediately felt more at ease.

They entered the dining room and seated themselves, Hilda facing her father's favorite, Ted facing Miss Slingerland. His nervousness returned. Unaccustomed as he was to the labyrinthian gauntlet of table etiquette, his heart sank when he realized that he was not to be under Hilda's understanding eyes, but under those of a woman alien to his experiences.

"Well, Mr. Rusten," said Falk, on Ted's left, as he unfolded his napkin, (Ted, following his example, began unfolding his own) "I imagine you find it very agreeable in civilized quarters, after your long privation."

"Yes. It is a change."

"I don't suppose you had much silverware; and, so far as I remember, you had other uses for any cloth which might answer the purpose of a napkin." Falk smiled, as he handed Ted the sugar bowl.

"But, Mr. Rusten," beamed Miss Slingerland, "what did you do for china-ware? I can't imagine how you managed to eat without it."

Ted imitated Falk in the art of securing the proper spoon, and daintily placed it in his porridge dish. Then he looked up.

"We used leaves."

"Leaves!" At the sound of Miss Slingerland's exclamation, Ted thought that Hilda's blue eyes were turned upon him; but when he looked at her, he found her gazing over his head, possibly at some painting hanging on the wall. He returned to his eating, placed a spoonful of porridge in his mouth, and swallowed it. It was tasteless; his appetite was gone.

"Miss Nordquist will find herself a national celebrity, when she returns to Stockholm. Eh, folks?" demanded Slingerland.

"She most assuredly will," agreed Falk. "And the man who saved her also will be in the public eye." He glanced at Ted, who was fingering the handle of his useless spoon.

"Well, for that matter," returned Slingerland modestly, "we all three met Mr. Rusten at one and the same time. By the way, Mr. Rusten, you said you had not lived in Sweden since childhood; and so probably you have in mind some other place to which you wish to return. If you will let me know where you desire to go, I can fit my plans accordingly. You will also wish to send a message or two from Aden."

Ted felt the eyes of the company upon him, some questioning, some suspicious, some haughty. To be gazed at intently by men was not a new experience to him; he had always

been able to face them with that cynical scowl which warned. But Ted had never encountered minute critical inspection by feminine eyes; his ability as a dissembler did not extend to that division of humanity which strikes, not at the intellectual, but at the emotional nature of man. The primitive male (and Ted, uncultured and unlearned, was essentially that) finds his customary defenses of no avail before refined and beautiful women. So, when Ted found four such beings scanning his features, all with queries in their gaze, and one with a touch of sympathy, his own glance fell to his plate and a slow flush spread upward over his neck and face.

Miss Slingerland was the first to recover the power of speech.

"My, won't your people be delighted to hear from you! Where do they live, Mr. Rusten?"

"I have no people."

"What! No one at all?"

"No one so close to me that I should wish to notify him I was alive."

"But, surely," broke in Slingerland, "your business friends are worried about your disappearance. You should notify them, I believe, merely as a matter of courtesy."

The man's overbearing tone touched Ted's memory of all the years of his life—years when he had cringed before his superiors; repressed his native Viking spirit of equality and independence; suffered indignity upon abuse without an opportunity of reacting as a normal man should. The months spent in the wilderness, when he had been under no man's will and had acquired a respect for his own individuality, had prepared him for a different role than that of the underdog. Something within him snapped under the strain of years of repression, and the smouldering coals of rebellion burst into an angry blaze.

"Business friends!" he demanded, his hard hands gripping the edge of the table. "Business friends!" he repeated, louder, in a steady, metallic, tone. His lean, muscular face had turned so that it faced Slingerland squarely, much to that gentleman's consternation.

"My dear sir!" Ted's voice crackled like powder in the silence of the room. "MY BUSINESS FRIENDS ARE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, ALONG WITH THE COAL THEY HANDLED."

His chair scraped back, and he stood up, his scowling face commanding the room.

"These," he said tensely, holding out both his wiry arms, "These arms are my capital—and I invest them in the STOKER INDUSTRY. Now what have you to say, Mr. Slingerland?"

The yacht-owner sat in silence, looking straight across the room to the wall.

Ted's steel-blue eyes swept across the blank faces and the half-opened mouths of the other men, across the equally dumbfounded countenances of the women, and finally to Hilda—Hilda, his life and existence.

"Hilda! Hilda! My darling—my beautiful one—my life!" was his unuttered exclamation. But she sat looking away into the corner, in her consternation holding her right hand over her mouth.

The hand was still bandaged.

(To be concluded in next Saturday's edition of the New Magazine Supplement of the Daily Worker.)

"The Derelict"

By E. Hyman.

ANSWERING a knock at the back door, I found standing on the porch an elderly and ragged old man. "Can you kindly give a man something to eat, lady?" he begged. I invited him inside, had him wash up, and hastily prepared a meal. While he was eating I struck up a conversation.

"How long is it since you have been without food?" I asked.

"This morning, lady. I had a cup of coffee."

"Can't you find work?"

"No, ma'am. I ain't strong enough. And besides it's the way I'm dressed." (He had on a very shabby coat and hat and torn shoes.)

"How long have you been out of work?"

"It's a mighty long time, ma'am. I ain't been able to hold down a steady job for a long time—since about the war, I guess."

"What kind of work did you used to do, when you worked steady? What was your trade?"

"Building work. Used to be a lather. Yes'm, I nailed lathes for close to forty years. I worked on hundreds of the old buildings right here in this city."

"How do you happen to be floating around like this. Where's your family?"

"The kids are all over—I had seven of 'em. Some of 'ems pretty well off, too."

"Well, don't they want to—?" I started to ask him, but he forestalled my question with the answer:

"No, ma'am; they make it too hot for me to stay with 'em. They don't even want to know me." (The beauty of family relations under capitalism, I thought.)

I didn't question him any further,

but let him finish the meal alone.

However, as he was about to leave, I stopped him with the question: "Have you got a place to sleep?"

A gleam of hope lighted up his face. "No, ma'am; I wish I did," he replied.

I gave him some change, which he accepted with grateful astonishment and profuse thanks. As he left I noticed that he did not go out to the front sidewalk, but instead made his way across the yard and into the alley. A true human derelict, it was his wont to traverse alleys in order to avoid people and the molestation of the police. For forty years the capitalist system had sucked the labor power out of his body. Then it had cast him aside—an unusable by-product, an outcast from the society to which he had contributed two-score years of constructive labor.

Lozowick: Revolutionary Artist

By Joseph Freeman.

THE prophetic eyes of Marx foresaw that art could not long escape the effects of machinery and the factory system. He posed the problem, and answered it, fifty years before the painters and poets of Europe became aware that the revolution in production demanded a revolution both in the content and form of their arts. In the "Critique of Political Economy" Marx asked:

"Is the view of nature and of social relations which shaped Greek imagination and Greek art possible in the age of automatic machinery, and railways, and locomotives, and electric telegraphs? . . . All mythology masters and dominates and shapes the forces of nature in and through the imagination; hence it disappears as soon as man gains mastery over the forces of nature. What becomes of the Goddess Fame side by side with Printing House Square (or Times Square)? . . . Looking at it from another side: is Achilles possible side by side with powder and lead? Or is the Iliad at all comparable with the printing press and steam press?"

Long after Marx's general viewpoint became a dynamic factor in the political and economic life of the world, painters continued to evade the mechanical world about them. Their revolt against the ugliness of factory towns manifested itself in landscape paintings; it is a noteworthy fact that not until the rise of the dirty factory town did western European painters discover the profuse beauties of the country. They sought relief from smokestacks in trees, from trains in birds, from slums in fields. Consciously or unconsciously the "mythology" (i. e., weltanschauung) of 19th century painters was derived from Rousseau and the classical political economists. Its keystone is *laissez faire*; its aesthetic maintains that the artist is a divine, unique creature, above social classes and unconcerned with the contemporary world. His chief subjects are nature and the individual man.

By the first decade of the 20th century machinery had so transformed the western world that the sysemographic temperaments among bourgeois artists could no longer fail to register the earthquake that had been shaking the world for over a century. Futurism, cubism and other movements attempted to break away from the traditions of representation and agriculture in painting, and to achieve abstraction in form and modernity in content.

These early revolutions in art were one-sided; they were general strikes whose force was concentrated on this or that isolated factor of the old aesthetic. They succeeded in weakening the old traditions. They were also rich experiments, containing the germs of principles which had yet to be grasped and synthesized. They were, so to say, the "1905" of modern painting, a preparation for the more significant "1917."

THE first American synthesis of modern tendencies in painting has been made by Louis Lozowick, whose canvasses and drawings have just been exhibited in New York. Without attributing any mystical significance to "innate racial tendencies," it is nevertheless interesting to observe that Lozowick is a Jew of Russian birth and American education. The importance of this personal organization of backgrounds is reflected among other qualities—in the powerful and original work of the artist. His subject matter is American; his weltanschauung is permeated with the revolutionary ideas which historically have been most vital in Russia.

To understand the importance of Lozowick in American art it is necessary to realize that here we have a painter who is conscious, and deliberate in his work. He combines intellect with craftsmanship; he thinks not with his hands alone, but is capable of advancing the theories of his art, and to grasp the true relation of

art in general to society in general.

There is a tendency among American art critics to consider that "love for the remote" is the essential characteristic of the American artist. Both in theory and in his remarkable paintings, Lozowick stands not for the remote, but for the immediate: for the visible world of machinery, skyscrapers, cities. His mind is steeled by Marxism. This in itself, of course, is not sufficient to make a man a great painter; but it has its effect on his thought, subject matter, form, and attitude toward his work. As opposed to the bourgeois notion of the artist as a priest (a notion maintained partly as a compensation for the miserable pay doled out to genuine artists in capitalist civilization) Lozowick is one of those who looks on the artist as a worker.

In this, and in his respect for craftsmanship, Lozowick has qualities in art equivalent to the qualities exhibited by the advanced proletariat in society. He is thus poles apart from other painters who have tried to adapt modern forms to modern subjects; for whereas these see in the metropolis, factory and street nothing but confusion, chaos and contradiction, Lozowick sees underneath these superficial aspects the essential order and organization inherent in machine civilization as such.

Lozowick is permeated by the significant forces of the 20th century. He has not tried to evade them; instead he has understood them, accepted them, and found an aesthetic equivalent for them in painting. Against the old art of sentimentalism, adoration of the individual, introspection and nostalgic longing for

the past, he represents an art that is impersonal, collective, precise, and objective; in this he is as truly representative of the scientific spirit of this age as the medieval painters of the metaphysical spirit of their age.

Having realized the basic fact that a living art must seek its content and form in the living world, Lozowick has gone for the content of his paintings to the American city which represents the highest advance so far of machine civilization. His themes are the skyscrapers of New York, the steel mills of Pittsburgh, the grain elevators of Minneapolis, the copper mines of Butte, the lumber yards of Seattle. These canvasses of cities—no two of them alike—are thoroughly saturated by the terrific energy of modern America, its gigantic engineering feats and colossal mechanical constructions. In his critical writings Lozowick has stated his position clearly enough. He declares:

"Every epoch conditions the artist's attitude and the manner of his expression very subtly and in devious ways. He observes and absorbs environmental facts, social currents, philosophic speculation and then chooses the elements for his work in such fashion and focuses attention on such aspects of the environment as will reveal his own aesthetic vision, as well as the essential character of the environment which conditioned it.

"The dominant trend in America today, beneath all the apparent chaos and confusion, is towards order and organization which find their outward sign and symbol in the rigid geometry of the American city, in the verticals

of its smokestacks, the parallels of its car tracks, the squares of its streets, the cubes of its factories, the arcs of its bridges, the cylinders of its gas tanks."

The clarity of Lozowick's critical perceptions is matched by the superb craftsmanship which he brings to his painting. With a mathematical pattern as a basis, he builds up paintings that at once contain the appearance of American cities and capture their titanic rhythm. The paintings are architectural, giving the effect of plans for vast building projects. They are also representative, having associative elements which make it easy to recognize New York or Pittsburgh or Cleveland. At the same time they have purely formal, plastic qualities; the arrangement of masses, lines, planes and colors make them self-contained works of art.

Many artists who are bourgeois in their ideology are breaking under the strain of the contradictions between the old art and the new machine civilization. Lozowick stands in the first rank of those who have solved this conflict by evolving an art based on machinery. He has thus been able to solve the subsidiary conflict between "pure" art and "commercial" (i. e., practical) art. Far from despising practical art, he has carried his theories to one of their logical conclusions by creating designs for posters, theatres, advertising, magazines, etc., which are based on various elements of the machine. In the field of applied design of a purely modern character he has been a pioneer; in his whole outlook, his themes, his form, he is a revolutionary in the truest sense.

A Revolutionary Scrubbing



Hoping Pneumonia and Flu will follow the bath, with fatal results.

Lenin: Impressions of a First Meeting

By S. Hopner (Natasha).

IN September, 1910, after a considerable number of "failures" in Odessa and in Ekaterinoslav, and after innumerable and fruitless attempts to remain despite these failures in an illegal position and to continue party work, I managed to obtain a foreign passport by diddling the police—and I found myself in Paris.

Those were hard times in Russia, and hard times also in exile. In Paris every day arrived new groups of emigres who had escaped from penal servitude or had completed their imprisonment, or who had escaped the threat of penal sentences hanging over them.

Brilliant, rich and interesting Paris was a torture for those who did not know the French language, for those who knew no trade or who in general could not adapt themselves.

The feeling of elation of the first hours, when full of joy at escaping the police clutches in the "dear fatherland," is succeeded by a feeling of perplexity and painful terror at this gigantic town, full of temptations, living day and night without a break, and at the noisy streets along which everyone and everything are hurrying and whirling somewhere or other.

Who wants emigrants here? Who asked them to come? Who will give them any work, even of the most difficult kind, if only to keep them from dying of hunger?

I HAD a number of comrades in Paris with whom I had corresponded.

Having rested after the journey, I went out for the first time to wander along unknown streets, and very soon I ran into Comrade Valerian (Y. Brandenburgsky). Valerian took me along with him to show me the main parts of the Quartier Latin. Lively and impressive, he showered upon me questions about Russia, interlarding between the questions news about Paris.

"Of course you will go to see Ilyitch tomorrow," I suddenly heard him say. "Why of course," I asked. "I did not intend doing so."

Indeed I had not so intended. In Russia I had heard a great deal about emigre life and about its negative features. What was particularly ingrained in my mind was the consciousness that the bad side of emigre life was the frequent visiting of one another (thru having nothing to do), the endless, fruitless discussion and conversations and the impossibility for even the most "organized" natures to avoid dislocation thru the idle visits and talk of comrades who did not know how to pass away the day. And I, who had come among the emigres for the first time, wanted somehow or other to avoid this as much as possible; I did not want to go to anyone except for a definite purpose.

Particularly not to Lenin. I had not met Lenin personally; only once in 1907 I had heard a report on the London congress by Vladimir Ilyitch (in a small Finnish town) and there also seen Nadezhda Constantinovna (Krupskaya, Lenin's wife) in the street.

It already seemed to me to be quite improper to go to Lenin and to present myself, etc., without some definite aim, as I had heard it said that he was always very busy. It did not enter my head that it would be interesting for him to talk to a newcomer from Russia, a rank-and-file worker, and what is more, with one not from the capital, but from Ekaterinoslav and Odessa.

Valerian, however, viewed the matter in a different light. He was absolutely indignant at my replying that I did not wish to go to Lenin, and refused to understand it. "Why can you not understand, Natasha (my illegal pseudonym) that Ilyitch and Nadezhda Constantinovna pounce on any new arrival from Russia just like hungry animals!" he said to me.

Nevertheless, I did not go, as I did not know how far Valerian was correct.

The same evening I learned from Valerian that in a week's time on a certain day our Bolshevik "Paris section" would meet, and I also learned

where I could register as a member of same.

AT the appointed day and hour I arrived at the meeting of the "Paris section" of the Bolsheviks. The meeting took place in a room on the second floor of a cafe-restaurant in Rue Orleans No. 11. I immediately recognized Lenin among those who had gathered; he was bending over a game of chess.

I do not remember the agenda of the meeting, but at any rate I believe there were no particularly notable questions. Lenin spoke on one of these questions for about ten minutes, I think. But why was it that after his rather commonplace speech my feelings were so radically changed? It is very difficult to describe them. I changed from the condition of grave depression in which I had been for over a year as the result of an illegal existence under the difficult conditions of the terrible political reaction of 1909-10—I changed from this feeling of simultaneous physical and moral brokenness, a condition which had become chronic and almost habitual—not even the fresh Paris impressions could disperse it—I changed to quite a new and opposite state, one of courage and freshness. It was exactly as if I had recuperated after a grave illness. . . . This wave of life, this current of vigor and belief poured forth from the words, voice, gestures and glance of this man who appeared to be so squat and ordinary, and who had said quite platitudinous things in unpretentious and simple language.

MANY years have passed since then, much water and much blood have flowed and my impression of this first meeting with Lenin, which caused such a sharp change in the whole of my feelings, can never be effaced. Afterwards I had occasion to hear that many comrades had experienced the same thing in the same or similar circumstances.

At the end of the meeting Valerian came up to me with Nadezhda Constantinovna, who said: "So it is you, Natasha, who refused to come to us? Well, Ilyitch has commissioned me to drag you along without fail. Come to us tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock." She said all this so firmly and at the same time in such a friendly way that I at once ceased to resist.

At the appointed time I came to him at Rue Marie-Rose No. 4, second floor. Afterwards I began to come frequently to this apartment and I remember it perfectly well. There were two rooms, one of which was larger with alcoves for bed and kitchen. In the middle of the big room there was a plain wooden table (after they went away I got the use of it and it surely still stands there in the apartment which I left in Paris); along one of the walls was a long row of wooden shelves filled with books, and there were also a few chairs. This was the room Ilyitch worked in. In the small room Nadezhda Constantinovna worked.

The kitchen, as customary among all our emigres, also served as a dining room. It was there that we sat soon after I arrived, all having supper around the table and drinking tea. They made me relate all the news.

At first I did not know what to start with, still thinking that the sombre picture which I had left behind me in Russia was already known to everyone, and was of no particular interest. But this did not last for more than a minute, and afterwards I saw everything in a new light, I myself felt an interest in what I was relating and I soon became quite encouraged. The reason for this change lay in my listeners, and above all in Lenin. He was full of eagerness and attention. My account of the position of the work in Odessa and Ekaterinoslav, the attempt to publish the "Odessa Trade Union Herald" which had met with failure after the publication of the first number, my account about the newspaper in Ekaterinoslav, of the mood of the workers, the shop assistants and so-called social circles were of interest to Lenin in every detail. No sooner had he noticed an attempt on my part to shorten my account than he immediately inter-

Fresh Inspiration



William Gropper, our cartoonist, shows that the Workers' Revolution of today draws inspiration from the history of the Paris Commune.

rupted me, all the time encouraging me to relate things in greater detail, or else to reply to a number of additional questions which he literally showered upon me like from the horn of plenty. We talked in this manner for about two hours. Finally the conversation in general came to an end and Lenin suddenly, as if he had just remembered something, quickly excused himself and ran into the other room, taking a glass of tea with him.

This meeting left irradicable traces on me. In this eager attention of Lenin's to my account, which was far from consistent, which had not been thought out, and in which the important things were interwoven with the trifles, one felt that in Lenin there was something more than a demand to be a courier with affairs, one felt the terrible longing to take part in life's affairs there in Russia, where everything it is true was gloomy, but where, in spite of all difficulties, the illegal workers are living, doing something, and struggling.

My impression was soon confirmed. I was deputed to speak to a well-known French surgeon (Duboucher) with whom I had been well acquainted in Russia, and to ask his assistance in transferring a well-known comrade of ours, Kurnatovsky, from one hospital to another. All comrades were very worried as to his fate, and it was decided somewhere and by someone that it was I who should go to Duboucher, as I was acquainted with him, and that comrade Lenin should also go "to add more weight."

AT the appointed hour, Com. Lenin arrived at my place on the sixth floor, not coming in, but flying in as was his wont. During the very first minutes he cast a rapid glance round my room and noticed a postcard on the wall—a reproduction of a picture by a Russian artist Polenov, if I remember rightly. It was a picture of Russian life, called "Comrades." It depicted a meeting of two elderly people in a teashop, after many years separation, who evidently were now on different steps of the social ladder; one was quite ragged and dishevelled, whilst the other was very well dressed.

"How truly that is pictured! How I love that artist!"—said Lenin with a voice full of feeling. And once again I was astonished at the force of his

emotions and at the same time at the simplicity and naturalness of these feelings. I was so surprised because Lenin, this iron man, "as hard as stone," "severe," "fantastic," as he was described, stood there overjoyed like a youth on seeing a very small reproduction of a very small corner of the varied and complicated life of Russia—so near and comprehensible and at the same time so distant and inaccessible. . . . During the whole time of our journey on the underground electric railway, which whirled us along to Duboucher, our conversation on Russia continued.

FOR about two years I had often to see Nadezhda Constantinovna in their apartment, where I met Comrade Lenin in private surroundings. Besides this, I saw him twice a month at various meetings, right up to the time they left for Austria.

In the gloomy, suffocating atmosphere of emigre life, the Lenin family was a wonderful oasis for all, a magic source from which a refreshing and healing current poured out to everybody.

Their simple, warm and comradely attitude, their vigor not damped by any doubts, the belief in the close advent of a new wave of revolution, in the victory of the proletariat, the personal example of industriousness, assiduity and organized mode of life, and a complete absence of grievances in face of any political depression or the material needs and the thousand and one disagreeable things—it is hard to describe to what a degree all these characteristics of Lenin and his wife saved no small number of us from despair, from disappointment in the terrible conditions of emigre life of those days.

THERE were many among our Bolsheviks who were devoted revolutionaries, ready without thinking twice to give their lives for the smallest glitter of the revolution, for the tiniest piece of success for our cause. But were there many who during their own life hoped still to see the revolution and its victory? There were very few. . . . And among these very few the first was Com. Lenin, who lived and worked in such a way that by looking at him one might think that he knew for certain that the revolution will come, if not today, then tomorrow.

A Labor Turncoat

(About Havelock Wilson's Autobiography)

IN the portrait gallery of prominent men in the contemporary trade union movement in England by no means the last place belongs to Mr. Havelock Wilson. It certainly takes a man of personality to create a mighty union in one of the most important branches of the economic life of Great Britain, in the sea transport, to overcome all the tremendous obstacles, and to retain a firm hand in the affairs of this union in the course of nearly forty years.

Havelock Wilson has managed to do it. And even today, almost a septuagenarian, he has shown superb strategic ability by joining the International Transport Workers' Federation at the time of a strike of British seamen which is essentially directed not so much against the shipowners as against himself as the head of the union.

There has recently been an increase of attention and interest in regard to Wilson's personality in connection with the September strike of British seamen, on the one hand, and the appearance of his autobiography upon the literary market on the other hand. The question of the strike is already familiar to the readers of "The Revolutionary Transport Worker," and here we propose to deal with Havelock Wilson's autobiography. The book, ("My Stormy Voyage Through Life") has many interesting features and to the student of the history of the trade union movement it is particularly interesting as the living personification of the history of the struggle and organization of the seamen of Great Britain.

Perhaps nothing like this biography reveals more clearly the process which leads to the degeneration of the foremost leaders of the organized masses of the European workers, turning them from the champions of the workers' interests, hated and persecuted by the capitalists, into the tools of capitalism, pampered and honored by people in high places and despised by the very masses whom they had served during the earlier, better part of their life.

On reading Havelock Wilson's story about his own life and activity, one cannot help drawing the odious comparison between his past and his present.

Havelock Wilson of the Past.

At 6 years of age Mr. Wilson began to lead an industrious life, selling newspapers in the streets of a certain seaport town. Being a smart lad, he quickly disposed of his rivals among the newsboys. A little later he secured a job in an iron-monger's shop

at the regular wage of 2s 6d per week. At the age of 10 he became a "printer's devil" on a weekly newspaper. At the age of 12 he responded to the "call of the sea," which has given to Great Britain many a famous seaman, whose literary type we find in the unforgettable figure of Robinson Crusoe. In the company of a playmate he ran away from home to go to sea, but they were captured by a detective and the little "printer's devil" was brought back to his family and to the printing shop. Nevertheless, he ran away again and became a seaman. For 20 years he sailed before the mast, putting up with all the hardships and dangers of the seaman's calling, and experiencing on his own back the entire horror of the life of the unorganized seamen, of the unfairness of the courts which always interpret the law to the advantage of the shipowners. He saw the unscrupulous way in which the seaman was robbed of his earnings, and the unrelieved misery of the unorganized masses of the seamen.

On reaching the age of discretion, Havelock Wilson arrived at the conviction that the only way to help the seamen was to organize a strong union which would enable the seamen to fight their battles collectively and to present a solid front to the employers. He resolved on creating such a union and to this purpose he dedicated the whole of his life.

How did Mr. Wilson's life proceed after that momentous decision? He gave to his autobiography the title: My Stormy Voyage Through Life.

It was indeed a stormy voyage, full of daring and stupendous perseverance. It can hardly be imagined what it meant to organize the National Seamen's and Firemen's Union of Great Britain and Ireland, which has now become the greatest organization of seamen in the capitalist world. On a great day in July, 1887, he made the first step to form a national union. After canvassing and distributing thousands of handbills he got one seaman to come to the meeting. Nevertheless he did not despair, and he went on canvassing and distributing handbills. With his audience of one he held a meeting at which he was unanimously elected president, and his audience secretary. Jointly with his secretary he drew up the agenda of the meeting and discussed the statutes of the organization, which were carried unanimously. Such was the beginning of the union which, according to the statement of the president, the same Mr. Wilson, has now a membership of about 100,000 and about £600,000 in funds. Soon after the unique founding of the organization

there began the "stormy voyage": local and general strikes, meetings and conferences, a campaign in the press, legal prosecution, and so on. Mr. Wilson's reputation in those days among the capitalists, and particularly among the shipowners, was certainly an evil one. This much we learn from the reminiscences of a shipowner's paper in reviewing his autobiography, recalling the time when Wilson was a "stormy petrel" and an organizer of strikes. By his untiring efforts for the recognition of the seamen's union Mr. Wilson gained great popularity among the masses of the seamen in Great Britain. After a meeting and demonstration in the London docks he was tried and sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment, but crowds of his friends and followers gathered daily in front of the prison walls, acclaiming him as their leader.

As to the ideas which actuated him in those days, we may quote the following paragraph from his book:

"The owners at this time had an ordinary way of dealing with seamen's wages. If trade was not good they would convene a meeting of their association and decide to reduce the seamen's wages by 10s or £1 a month. They would never consult the men at all, but simply announce that from a given date the wages would be so and so. This did not please me at all, and I advocated what I called a conciliation board, where the masters and the men would come together and discuss such questions, hours of labor, and other conditions.

"The owners would have none of this; they did not think it was necessary. Year in year out since 1880 I continued to preach the same doctrine."

Havelock Wilson Today.

THIS untiring "stormy petrel" of limited outlook but of unbounded enthusiasm had to be trapped into a cage. This was necessary because the thunder was already heard of the approaching world war. The British capitalists saw the need of harnessing the great masses of the seamen which had been organized by Havelock Wilson. And the British capitalists have managed to tame Wilson. How the job was done is well told by Sir Walter Runciman, the shipowner, who writes in the foreword to Mr. Wilson's book:

"Two years before the world war the Newcastle shipowners wisely took the definite step of recommending the federation council to recognize the seamen's union, and Mr. Wilson as its

leader. The council, with commendable wisdom, decided to close the long years of tragedy and begin a new era. It was not only wise, but providential, for looming in the distance there was a great human upheaval sweeping along, and when it burst upon us the nation had a contented, patriotic mercantile marine led by a great leader, without which we could not have survived."

Thus it happened that Havelock Wilson was recognized and confirmed as the leader of the British seamen by the very same shipping federation which had been created for the specific purpose of fighting his union, and which has done so in the course of 20 years.

Ever since his "recognition" we find Wilson a changed man. First and foremost he advances the interests of national shipping, which he stoutly defends in times of war and peace. He solidly identifies himself and his organization with the shipowners, by whom he is treated as a sincere friend. Together with the shipowners, he orders the arbitrary reduction of the seamen's wages without consulting the latter, entirely forgetful of his vigorous resistance to such things in the past, and oblivious to the fact that such things will not be liked by the masses of the seamen today. Resting on the laurels tendered to him by the capitalist shipowners, Havelock Wilson grows wise and confesses that in his past activity he had been frequently unfair towards the shipowners, committing numerous mistakes, which he now sees in a different light. To his old comrade in arms, Tom Mann, now a Communist, who has fought side by side with him in the famous dockers' strike of 1889, he now reads lectures on sweet reasonableness, which he does also to other leaders of the trade union movement who have fallen into the sin of leftism.

He is now completing his career as an out-and-out traitor to the interests of the masses of the seamen, who employs blackleg methods in combatting the strike of his own British seamen, thus completing the process of his own conversion from a labor leader into a tool of the oppressors of the seamen of Great Britain.

Wilson's autobiography, an extremely valuable and interesting contribution to the "history of the sea and the seaman," clearly and eloquently reveals the process of the transformation of a leader from a fighter into a traitor, which is so characteristic for a number of past trade union leaders who are now disappearing from the stage.



The Labor Skate's Lament

A Doleful Cartoon by the Famous Artist, Leff Wing.